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INSIDE
PAK OCCUPIED KASHMIR

By
P. N. SHARMA

THE
KASHMIRI OCCUPATION

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Handwritten text in blue ink, possibly a signature or date, including "1947" and "Kashmir".

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INTRODUCTION

In the post-partition events in India, the wanton attack on the State of Jammu and Kashmir by Pakistan would always deserve a special mention. It is a great pity that even today, Eleven years after the attack first started and nearly Ten years after the cease-fire, by a strange conspiracy of circumstances, the Kashmir question is still kept hanging fire.

My claim to say something about Kashmir is simply this that I have some intimate knowledge of what happened there. In the thick of the Kashmir fighting during its initial stages I was taken prisoner by Pakistan. For one year and one day in the Pak captivity I learnt much and unlearnt much about Kashmir and many other things. And with utmost humility I feel that some of those things are worth being told. Hence this book.

I have deliberately allowed some time to lapse before getting this book published because I was keen that in the interest of objectivity I must not let my anger against those who subjected me to brutal torture and committed other much worse crimes before my eyes should not in any way influence my work. Purposely also, I have refrained from getting a foreword written by any eminent personality. I want the facts as I know them to stand on their own, without having to be buttressed by the renown of others. I do make bold to claim that whatever I have written I have set out with the greatest regard to truth and objectivity. There are enough people to do propaganda and counter-propaganda and nothing has been farther from my intention than to join this pointless game.

I was the first Indian newsman to rush to Kashmir when the invasion of that beautiful valley took place. Indeed, I landed at the Srinagar airstrip with the first detachments of the Indian troops when the Pakistani raiders were only a few miles from the airstrip and in the defenceless capital of Kashmir the booming of Pakistani guns could be distinctly heard.

I immediately got busy with my work. I shot "hot" action pictures of the front-line fighting. With the advance detachments of the Indian Army I entered the liberated villages and towns which the raiders had reduced to rubble. I flew in the Indian Air Force planes, and while the pilots strafed the enemy, I made use of my cameras. The pictures taken by me were later used by India in the United Nations Security Council to prove Pakistan's complicity in the invasion of Kashmir.

On December 1, 1948, barely two months after the fighting had started, an I. A. F. Harvard in which I was flying was shot down and crash-landed in Pakistan and Occupied Kashmir territory. My pilot, Flying Officer D'Cruz, and I, however, survived the crash but were soon taken prisoners by the Pakistanis. For months, there was no news of us in India. I was given up as dead and "Blitz" published the news of my death alongside a front-page editorial. Many other papers did the same.

In the following pages I have tried to narrate the story of my one year and one day's captivity in Pakistan. In a frank and forthright manner I have described all that I, along with others, had to go through: abuses, insults, tortures, indignities worse than death, the indifference of those who were supposed to help us and the inhumanity of those who prided themselves on being our captors and the standard-bearers of Islam and humanity. Some Pakistanis, a few guards, a few officers, some newsmen and above all Dr. Wenger of the International Red Cross were very kind and helpful to me during my imprisonment. This book and my heart are full of gratitude for them.

While in Pakistani prisons I had the opportunity to study how the rulers of Pakistan were luring the unlettered and ignorant Pathans into the Kashmir fighting by showing them visions of rich booty and beautiful women. At relevant places the reader would find the description of this *modus operandi*.

The reader will also find in this book an account of such battles as I had either witnessed myself or of which I got first-hand knowledge. To facilitate the appraisal of these battles I have also given the necessary map and other documents.

In an epilogue, I have given a concise outline of Kashmir's history from 1846 to 1958, and an index of important events in Kashmir.

P. N. SHARMA.

PREFACE

On March 9, 1846, was signed at Amritsar a treaty between the representative of the British East India Company and Maharaja Gulab Singh which made this brave soldier, shrewd statesman and gifted diplomat the undisputed ruler of the area now known as the State of Jammu and Kashmir. For one hundred years, the descendants of Gulab Singh continued to rule the State, undisturbed by what was happening either outside their domain or inside it as the British Power was committed by the Amritsar Treaty to protect them from external aggression and internal disturbance.

But in the hundred and first year, in August, 1947 to be precise, one of Gulab Singh's descendants, Maharaja Hari Singh, who had neither the foresight nor the forthrightness of his illustrious ancestor, was faced with the choice of acceding either to India or to Pakistan as the Britishers were at long last quitting India and the paramountcy was about to lapse.

Leaders of Kashmiri people who for years had been struggling against the autocratic rule were still behind the bars, while political leaders in India had moved from prison cells to the secretariat to guide free India's destiny. One princely State after another was merging with India and the country's consolidation was proceeding apace under the distinguished stewardship of late Sardar Patel. But Maharaja Hari Singh was still undecided. Probably left to himself, he would not have suffered from this indecision. But he was not left alone. The influence of the British Resident-cum-Adviser weighed heavily on him. The advice of the crafty and ambitious Chief Minister, R. C. Kak, was equally sinister. To mark time he entered into a stand-still agreement with both India and Pakistan. India had no objection to letting Maharaja Hari Singh and his people take their own time in coming to a decision about accession. But Pakistan did not believe in any such niceties. There were many violations of the stand-still agreement by Pakistan. An economic blockade was instituted and border incidents

were provoked, resulting in heavy losses of life and property. These pin-pricks having failed to achieve the desired result, the Pakistanis sponsored a wanton and unprovoked attack on the beautiful valley by tribal raiders, Pakistani nationals and to begin with disguised, and later openly acknowledged, Pak Army.

This treacherous attack was too much even for the Maharaja who promptly requested India to accept the State's accession. According to the letter and spirit of the law, the act of accession by the Maharaja was enough. But India and her Premier offered to accept the accession only if it was backed by the popular leaders of the National Conference, the undisputed spokesmen of the four million people of the State.

Prison-gates in the far-flung areas of the hilly State opened and leaders of the National Conference were let out. They wholeheartedly endorsed the proposal for Kashmir's accession to India and only then did India accept the State's accession, which became firm and final both in law and fact on the day it was signed. Even then India generously offered that when the last raider was driven out from the Kashmir soil and complete peace was restored in the State, people would be given an opportunity to express their wishes about accession once again. But the people of Kashmir did not wait for the return of peaceful conditions to express their views. They voted for India, not at the polling booth, but in the battle-field; the brave Kashmiris, Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs, took up their crude arms and marched shoulder to shoulder to beat back the Pakistani desperadoes with the help of the Indian Army that was rushed to the State at short notice. So bravely did Indian troops fight and so firm were the Kashmiri people for accession to India that the Pakistanis with all the advantage and momentum of a sudden and unprovoked attack on an unsuspecting area with difficult lines of communication were pounded almost to pulp and pretty soon were suing for a cease-fire.

There is a common but erroneous impression that Kashmir was sold to Gulab Singh for a sum of Rs. 75 lakhs. What had really happened was this: Gulab Singh, who started life as a small courtier of Ranjit Singh, had impressed the Great Sikh Ruler by his bravery in the battle-field and administrative acumen as well as by his capacity to negotiate with the skill of a most polished diplomat. In recognition of these services, Ranjit Singh made Gulab Singh the Governor of Jammu in 1820 and three years later transferred the principality of

Jammu to him and installed him on the Rajgaddi (throne). During the next 23 years, Gulab Singh went through various vicissitudes of fortune with shake-ups in the Sikh kingdom. At the time of the Sikh war in which Ranjit Singh's heirs sued for peace, Gulab Singh was in effective control of Jammu, though the State was still under the suzerainty of the Lahore Court.

As a pre-condition of settlement, the British asked the Sikhs to pay a war indemnity of rupees one crore. Unable to pay that much money, the successors of Ranjit Singh thought of a stratagem which they thought would harm Gulab Singh whom they hated. They offered the British Government areas of Jammu and Kashmir in lieu of rupees-one-crore reparations claimed. But little did they know that for practical and political reasons it was not possible for the British to take over the area directly. The British knew that it would be in their best interest to hand over the area to someone who was friendly to them but yet could rule it independently without any serious commitment of British troops so far away from their lines of communication with a large chunk of hostile population and a weak but still not completely conquerable Lahore Government in between. Gulab Singh was the person who could be depended upon to do all this.

It was in pursuance of this objective that the British agreed to accept Gulab Singh as the ruler of Jammu and Kashmir. The Treaty of Amritsar stipulated the payment of Rs. 75 lakhs to the British because this area had been offered to them by the Lahore Court in lieu of Rs. one crore. The discount of Rs. 25 lakhs was given by the British because they had kept unto themselves the Kangra Valley, which the then Governor-General considered to be the "Gateway to Himalayas". The Amritsar Treaty laid down that Gulab Singh would recognize British supremacy and as a token of that recognition would present to the British every year, among other valuable things, a dozen goats of "approved breed" ("six male and six females"). Gulab Singh could not employ any Britisher or European without the consent and approval of the British Company. In return the British recognized Gulab Singh as the ruler of Jammu and Kashmir and undertook to protect him.

Gulab Singh, however, did not stand in need of any protection. On the contrary, with the help of a valiant General named Zorawar Singh, he added to his territory the valley of Ladakh and Baltistan.

The principality of Kishtwar had been captured by Gulab Singh when he was still Ranjit Singh's nominee in Jammu. It should not be difficult for anybody to imagine how big an achievement it was for a people used to the plains of Punjab to fight at Leh and other parts of Ladakh at a height of over 18,000 feet one hundred and odd years ago.

Till the days of Hari Singh, the descendants of Gulab Singh ruled Kashmir without any sensational political developments inside the State. The affairs in Kashmir continued to go on just as they had done in any other princely State in India. In the early thirties, however, the political awakening which had been taking place in the rest of India started showing its first signs in Jammu and Kashmir. It was during this period that the National Conference came into existence with Sheikh Abdullah, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, Mr. G. M. Sadiq, Mr. D. P. Dhar, D. N. Kachry, Gil Dogra and others. This organization soon became the symbol of the long-cherished aspirations of the four million people of Jammu and Kashmir and ever since then the National Conference has amply justified the faith and trust that the Kashmiri people had reposed in it.

For seventeen years, the leaders and workers of the National Conference and the people of Jammu and Kashmir resolutely and bravely resisted the repression of the autocratic regime and fought unflinchingly for winning democratic rights, responsible government and the right to end the appalling poverty of the people that had been the bane of this beautiful valley. Bullets failed to kill the spirit of the National Conference; lathi-charges, arrests and detentions could not cow down its workers and leaders. In the 'Quit Kashmir' movement, the people of the State showed how dead set they were on winning their legitimate rights.

October 26, 1947, was a fateful day for the four million people of Kashmir. It was a fateful day in more respects than one. It was on this day that rattled by the treacherous attack of Pakistan, the Maharaja acceded to India. But more important than that was the fact that the Kashmiri people who had spent long years of their lives in prisons in the cause of their freedom, were handed the power which had till then vested in the hands of a monarch under the protection of the British Crown. To the chosen leaders of the Kashmiri people had fallen the task of defending the independence of the State and of building up its future. Thus

did the day of disaster for the Kashmiris turn out to be a Great Day of Destiny for them. The people of Kashmir soon rallied round the National Conference to defend their motherland against Pakistani raiders. For a time, shortly before the first detachment of Indian troops reached there, even the Srinagar airport was threatened by the raiders. The people kept up their moral and self-confidence during these critical days. With the arrival of Indian troops the situation started changing. The Indian Air Force did a remarkable job in not merely transporting soldiers and supplies to the front in the initial stages, but also in strafing the advancing raiders.

Soon the Indian Army under the command of Maj. Gen. K. S. Thimayya, together with the organized National Militia of Jammu and Kashmir, started having success after success in the various sectors. The people of Kashmir and of India can never forget the valiant battles fought under difficult circumstances by the brave officers and men of the Indian Army. Earlier, Maj. Gen. Kalwant Singh, who held up the enemy advance in all sectors with his meagre force and poorly equipped men, gave a good battle to the raiders who withdrew to lick their wounds. Brig. Atal, fighting the raiders right and left, managed to take, for the first time in world's history, light tanks at a height of 10,000 feet over a frozen stream in the snow-blocked Zojila Pass. He linked Kargil with Leh and liberated an area of 22,000 square miles in the Ladakh valley which was critically threatened by the enemy. Brig. Usman, who fell fighting heroically in Jhangar in earlier days of the fighting, created a niche for himself in history and in every Kashmiri and Indian heart because of his bravery and sacrifice. Brig. Pritam Singh valiantly held on to the encircled fortress of Poonch till it was linked with the Rajouri sector. In the besieged garrison of Skardu, with scanty supplies and without any prospect of reinforcement, Col. Thapa put up a splendid and spectacular defence.

The Pakistani raiders were badly beaten. They tried their level best to hold on; they brought in divisions of the regular Pak Army and all the heavy equipment that they could muster. They threw into the battle all the Pathans and tribesmen that could be lured with the prospect of a rich booty and beautiful women. But all this was of no avail. The Pakistanis suffered disaster after disaster and they soon realised that militarily their defeat was inevitable and imminent.

With realization, the shrewd and cunning Pakistanis started a

clever move. They sued for a cease-fire. They knew that soon their last man would be thrown out of Kashmir and along with him would go with the wind their claim, if any, to be in the State. So the only way of retaining some part of the State under their control was to ask for a cease-fire along the then battle-line. Such a course would give them a right to control legally those areas of the State as were occupied by them at that time and thus they would be in a position to stay on there, build up their position and wait for a suitable opportunity to strike again.

The Anglo-Americans who were in league with the Pakistanis both at the battle-field and in the committee rooms of the United Nations soon came to Pakistan's rescue. Hitherto the Anglo-Americans were refusing to brand Pakistan as an aggressor despite overwhelming proof and repeated demands by India because Pakistan was blandly denying the presence of her troops in the State. But now when Pakistan openly acknowledged the presence of her forces in Kashmir, the Anglo-Americans were not in the least embarrassed but rushed to the rescue of their protegee.

Cease-fire proposals were soon drawn up by the U. N. Security Council and were accepted by Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister. With his faith in the U. N. and its Charter, he did not sufficiently realize the implications of Pakistan's game. So on January 1, 1949, when the extermination or expulsion of the last Pakistani soldier from the Kashmir soil was a matter of days, the cease-fire came into effect. Guns were silenced and Pakistan got a *locus standi* to keep under its occupation one-third of the State's territory. Besides, the Anglo-Americans got an opportunity to further their plans for setting up bases against the Soviet Union in the areas of Pakistan-held Gilgit.

The United States supplied the bulk of the U.N. observers as reported in newspapers. To ensure that the U.S. Military Intelligence experts were sent to strategic area of Kashmir, the U. S. A. went to the extent of demoting senior officers to comply with the Agreement which required that the observers should as a rule be of junior ranks. With the diplomatic immunities and full facilities to U. N. planes to fly on both sides of the cease-fire line, American observers were in an ideal position to carry on their survey along the Russian-Chinese border and to further their designs. This position they utilized to the maximum.

In the 1952 session of the U. N. Security Council in Paris, the Soviet delegate, Mr. Jacob Malik, accused the Anglo-Americans of designs to use Kashmir as a base against U. S. S. R.

About the same time, Pakistan had again started its military movements on its side of the cease-fire line and for quite a while the situation was so tense that resumption of hostilities as a result of a renewed attack by Pakistan was feared. That this eventually was avoided was due to Mr. Malik's stand in the U. N. and to the fact that Mr. Nehru had made it plain that any attack on Kashmir would be construed as an attack on India and would lead to an all-out, total war.

The appointment of mediators and the resolutions of the U. N. Commissions failed to serve any purpose for the simple reason that the basic question was always evaded by the Anglo-Americans who dominated the Security Council. They consistently failed to name the aggressor, although Sir Owen Dixon did say that Pakistan had committed a breach of international law.

Meanwhile the Government of the National Conference in Jammu and Kashmir continued to function undaunted by the difficulties and uncertainties that faced it. It started fulfilling the various promises it had made to the people of Kashmir during the course of the struggle. New Kashmir, at one time a dream of a distant date, began taking a concrete shape. Landlordism was abolished and land was distributed freely to the tillers. The ban prohibiting the Kashmiris from joining the Army was lifted. Other reforms aiming at ensuring the four million people, bowed by the weight of centuries of oppression, a better and a happier life, were also introduced.

One main plank of the National Conference programme had always been the abolition of the archaic monarchy in the State and any other form of hereditary head of State. The Conference was pledged to democratize the entire set-up from top to bottom. After Maharaja Hari Singh left the State, his suave and youthful son, Yuvraj Karan Singh, became the Regent of Jammu and Kashmir. But though popular both with the National Conference leadership and the people at large, he was still a hereditary ruler of the dynasty founded by Gulab Singh. The leaders and people of Kashmir wanted to rectify this position as soon as possible. So after careful consideration and with full agreement of the Government of India, it was decided to abolish monarchy in the Kashmir State. But at the same time, the National Conference and the Kashmir people of their own free will elected Yuvraj Karan Singh the first Sadar-e-Riyasat, the elective head of the State. What greater tribute can there be to Karan Singh's patriotism

and popularity than that this last ruler of the Dogra dynasty should have become the first chosen head of an independent and democratic Kashmir.

CHAPTER I

I flew from Palam Airport, New Delhi, in a Dakota aircraft that carried the advance party of the Indian Army to Srinagar, immediately after the Kashmir Maharaja acceded to India. On landing at Srinagar, I saw tribesmen and Pakistani raiders all around the Airport. The raiders estimated to be about 5,000 were burning the villages on the other side of the hill and were almost at the gates of Srinagar. There were only 50 Indian soldiers who had just landed and had laid defences to protect the airfield. There were a few R.I.A.F. "Tempest" fighter bombers that too had just come in. Their engines were on full boost. In case the raiders occupied the airfield, the planes would take off and then attack from the air. They were strafing from the ground. A couple of them took off and started strafing and rocketing from a corner of the airfield. A number of panic-stricken Kashmiris had flocked to the airfield to fly to India.

After a few hours, the battle for the airfield quietened down and the raiders who were shouting aloud slogans of "Pakistan Zindabad" were silenced. They appeared to be retreating. I managed to get to the Brigade Headquarters between the city of Srinagar and the airfield in an Army jeep. There I learnt that the road to the city of Srinagar was not quite safe, as the raiders were crossing that road; I could proceed to Srinagar only at my own risk. I took the risk. During the 7-mile journey to the city, death seemed near enough. Many of the bullets that the raiders sprayed at our jeep missed us only narrowly.

The whole city was panic-stricken. A number of people had left their homes and were impatient to go by road to Jammu and later to India. I had never seen such a panic before. Young men of the "National Militia" were patrolling the roads and bridges. The men of the "National Militia" were of all communities—Hindus, Sikhs, Dogras with majority of Muslims.

Frankly speaking, I felt that if the raiders were more intelligent they would have entered the city of Srinagar and occupied it the same day, since they were about 5,000 strong and Srinagar was defended by hardly 200 men. But the raiders got scared when they discovered that the Indian Army had started coming in and the R.I.A.F. planes were strafing and bombing. R.I.A.F. played a very important part in saving Srinagar and thus Kashmir. The raiders largely consisted of Pathan tribesmen and Pakistan nationals. They were officered by the Pakistan Army men dressed in invaders' clothes. If it was not for the R.I.A.F. who scared the tribesmen to death by their skillful strafing and pin-point bombing, the whole of the State would have been over-run by the Pakistani hordes.

The raiders, as reported by the refugees who had fled from the villages to Srinagar, were killing innocent men, women and children, in many cases were burning them alive; and raping and abducting young girls. In the next two days a lot of Indian troops came in. They had been flown from various parts of India to Srinagar. The Indian Air Force did not have a sufficient number of transport planes. The Government of India had requisitioned and chartered all the Indian Airline planes and turned them over to the Army in order to send troops, ammunition and other food supplies to Kashmir. Even civilian aircraft and their crew (pilots and maintenance personnel) played a very important role in defending Kashmir. The pilots flew from dawn to dusk and even later, about 10 to 12 hours per day, most of them making three to four return trips from Delhi to Srinagar. There were no night landing facilities. Since the troops had come in and brought a lot of ammunition, the city and airfield were made safe.

I stayed in the Nedous Hotel in Srinagar. There was no electricity as the raiders had destroyed Mahura Power House near Baramula, which was the main source of electric supply.

Sheikh Abdullah was running around with his colleague, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, and militia men were busy patrolling the streets, bridges and key points in the city night and day as there was every danger of the raiders walking in the city any moment. It was bitterly cold at night. The men of the "National Militia" built up fires at various points, in the city and around, and the guards after patrolling for an hour or so would come and warm themselves and other guards who had already warmed would go on duty. Discipline was maintained to the highest standard, though the Militia men did not have proper uni-

forms. The Indian contingent was quickly reinforced and with the arrival of the Divisional Commander, Major-General Kulwant Singh, and Brigade Commander, Brigadier Sen, the defences were properly organized. Col. Unni Nayar, Director of Public Relations (who later got killed in Korea), came over and as such we were properly taken care of. Col. Unni Nayar used to arrange Press Conferences and, as the Army spokesman, was exceedingly helpful to us. The number of pressmen was increasing.

A few men of the Indian Army who were put into battle at various points outside Srinagar, got a big beating by the raiders, because of their overwhelming strength and unconventional ways of fighting. The Indian Army lost Col. Ranjit Rai. India's first casualty in the Kashmir campaign, Col. Rai, delayed the raiders and slowed their advance to Srinagar. Major Sharma, who was killed at Badgam, also played a very important part in saving Srinagar. In the meantime, Indian troops began arriving in by air and dugged in. They were soon in control of the outskirts of Srinagar. They gave the raiders a battle at Patton, 15 miles from the capital, and retired 7 miles.

The raiders advanced again as close as within 7 miles of Srinagar. Next day a big battle was fought at a village called Shalatang. The Indian Army had put in two Armoured cars which had just then arrived by road from Western Command with a small column of the Indian Army.

By now Srinagar was completely free from threat. Confidence was established among the panic-stricken people and life started returning to normal. I covered the bloody battle of Shalatang. The tribesmen who consolidated their position in this village fought so well that the Indian Commander had to ask for air support. R. I. A. F. "Tempest" fighters came into action, strafing and rocketing the village the whole day. I was with my camera in the vicinity of the village, within a radius of half a mile, with an advance platoon of the Indian Army. There was very little fire coming in from the village. Apparently the tribesmen had fought to the last man and the last bullet. So we advanced and took cover under the muddy wall of the village, taking no chances. Suddenly the gun-fire started again and machine guns too. They were very well dug in. The Commander asked for air support and R. I. A. F. "Tempests" were in action again. They bombed the village and levelled out many targets. The tribesmen started pulling out of it. I saw them in bands of twenties and thirties. They were running, occasionally,

they would turn back, fire and duck, and run again. The Indians liberated the village hurriedly. The tribesmen had set fire to a few of the huts in the village while retreating.

In pursuance of their scorched-earth policy the raiders had left some dynamite behind. There were two explosions after the village had been liberated by the Indians. I saw cows and chickens running out for their lives from the burning straw and mud huts. The Indian troops tried to put out the fire. But before they could do it most of the huts had been gutted and livestock killed.

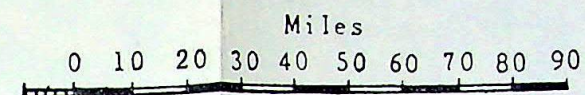
The Indian troops were in full control of the outskirts of the village and were still advancing further. The tribesmen and raiders had taken cover under a Nala (sort of a rainy season stream). They were still in large numbers and the Indians were shelling them with mortars.

I came back to the village and found very few people there. Most of the villagers had apparently been killed by the retreating tribesmen. There were knife wounds on their bodies; probably they were stabbed with daggers. I saw at least 7 tribesmen dead and many odd heads, hands and legs lay scattered about due to the R.I.A.F. rocketing. I saw a lot of human bones and skulls plastered with mud on the village wall, obviously used as bricks by the raiders. These must be the villagers killed by the tribesmen when they occupied the village, I mused. Little did the raiders know that they would not be there long. After collecting the arms left by the raiders, the Indian Commander ordered the troops to take positions as it was getting dark.

After shooting some "hot action pictures", I left the village for Srinagar. The main road was three miles away. I felt exhausted as I walked and reached the main road to get a lift back to Srinagar. Both the flanks of this road had been attacked by the Indian troops.

They were again fighting in Patton where the raiders had been taken by surprise. The raiders suffered heavy casualties and ran for their lives, leaving behind their arms. And thus the Indian troops liberated Patton. Trophies of assorted rifles, guns and pistols were collected by the Indian troops. These arms were of all makes—German, Russian, British and American. Some rifles were Durrah-made, i.e., made in the Khyber Pass by tribesmen.

KASHMIR & JAMMU



Frontiers

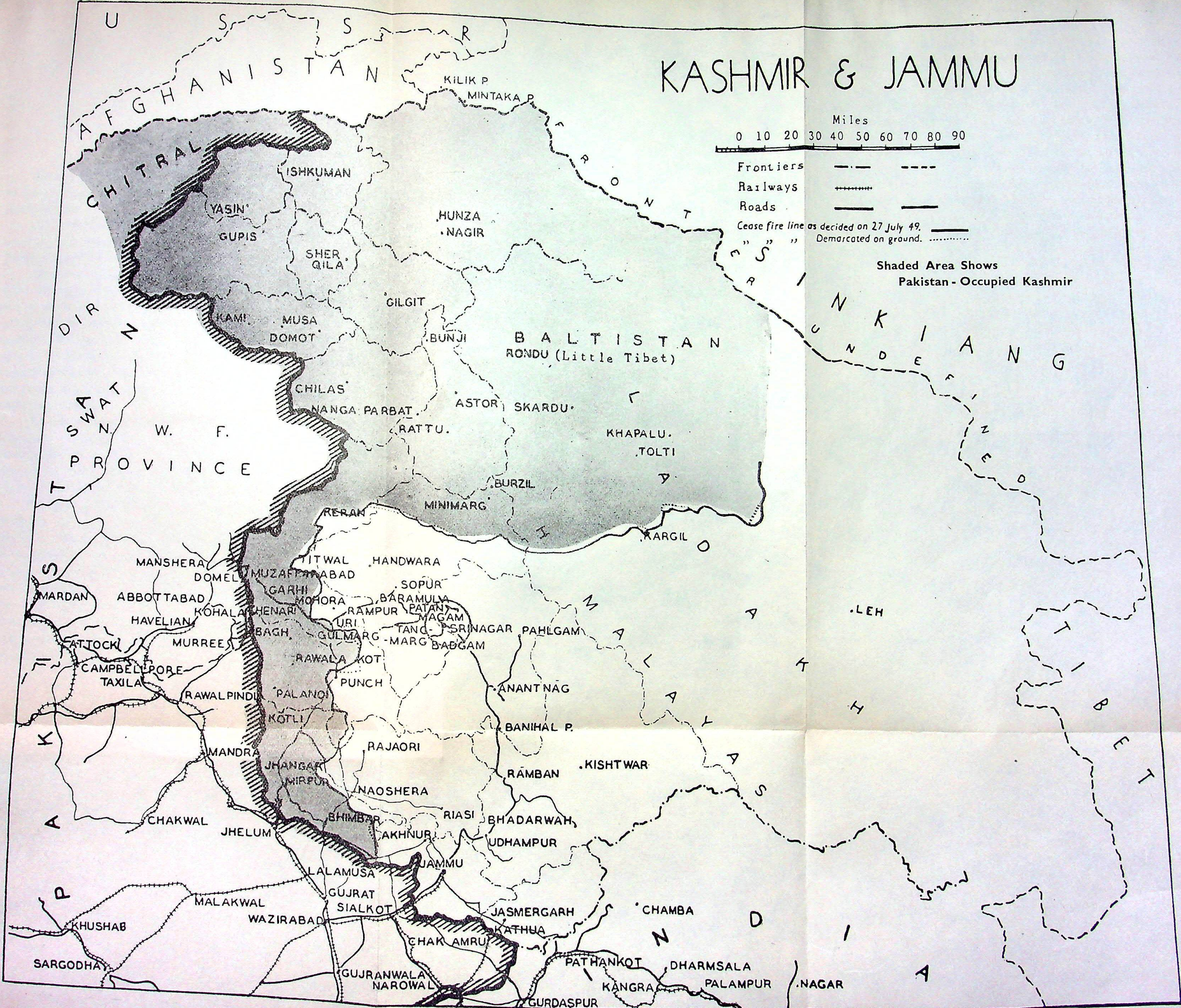
Railways

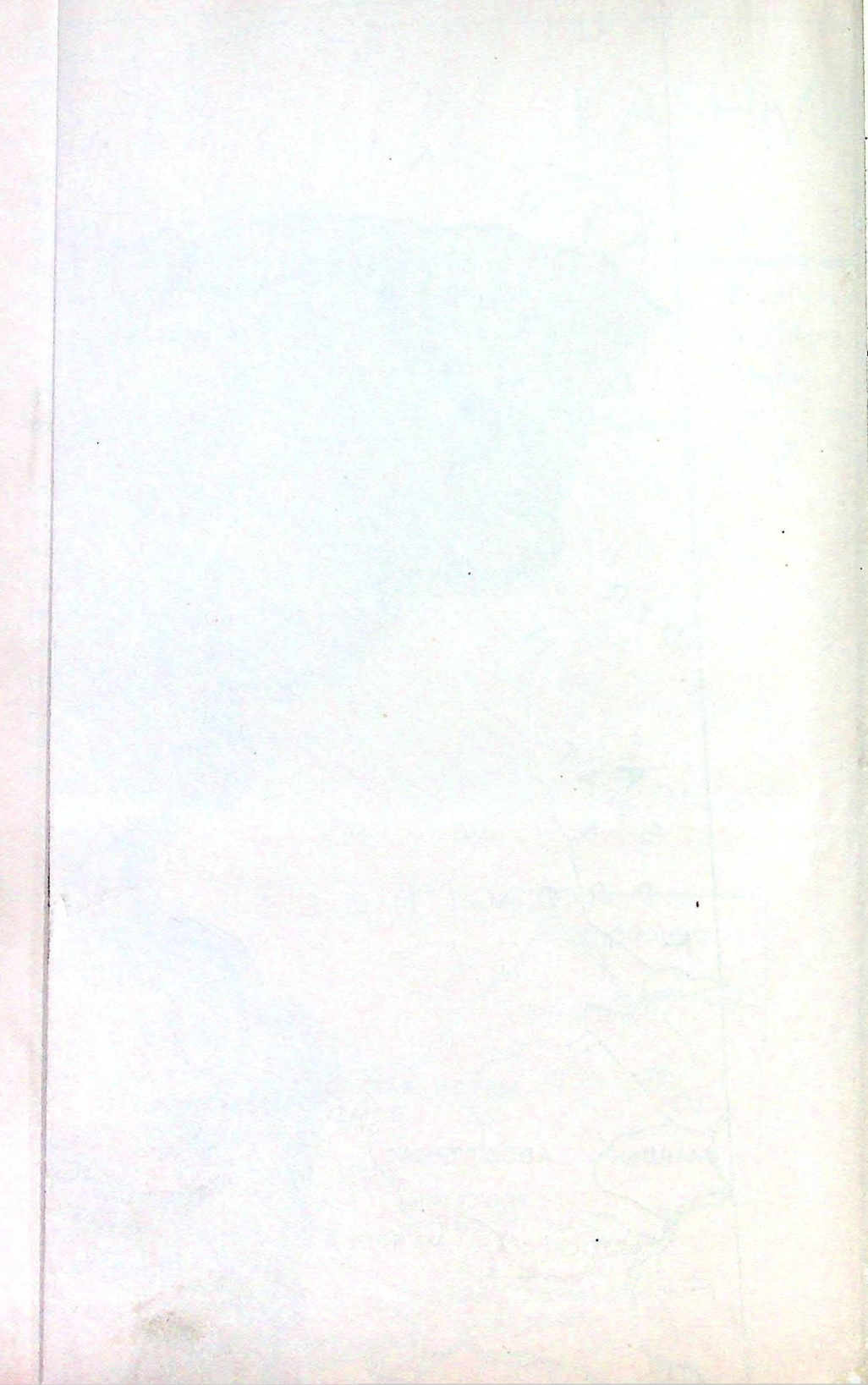
Roads

Cease fire line as decided on 27 July 49.

Demarcated on ground.

**Shaded Area Shows
Pakistan - Occupied Kashmir**





CHAPTER II

On November 7, I joined the advance column which was detailed to liberate Baramula, the advance headquarters of the raiders, 35 miles from Srinagar.

We had two Armoured cars, six trucks, two jeeps, complete with wireless, with Brigadier L. P. Sen as Brigade Commander and Col. Pritam Singh of 1st Kumaon, and 250 men.

We moved in a Brigade but not with the strength of a Brigade. After advancing 19 miles, we saw a large number of raiders and tribesmen on horse backs and on foot taking cover; we fired but they kept quiet; we fired again and they answered, while some ran into the wild interior. We encountered very many road blocks, which delayed our advance by two hours, saw abandoned civilian buses used by the raiders to carry ammunition, loot, and also for transport, now made useless by our planes machine-gunning. We had to push them aside before we could move further.

We saw some raiders again on the left flank, but they were far away from our range and so we bypassed them. They were running over the hill; we asked our Air Force to strafe them. It was quite a sight to see the tribesmen running and ducking, while one of our "Tempest" aircraft dived, strafed and chased them.

We halted outside Baramula and the Brigade Commander gave a briefing to the troops. On almost all the houses in the city, Pakistani flags flew. The names of the Hindu owners were written on the doors. We stopped at the various houses and searched them before advancing further. I went into a smouldering house with four sepoy and saw a lot of papers and other things burning. I discovered that these papers were maps which could be useful. I immediately salvaged them and handed them to Col. Pritam Singh who was very happy to get them. Many maps had markings of enemy positions and they proved useful. The courts and district offices of Baramula were badly damaged. Their

doors and windows had been smashed and furniture and records burnt down.

In a busy corner I saw some abandoned transport. I went there to see if I could get any good picture and at the same time if I could find anything useful. I saw four drums lying as if they were empty, but I smelt gasoline, which was dripping from a pin hole. I tried to lift the drum but it was too heavy. Then I tried others, they were all heavy and full. The trucks they were in, were strafed and damaged by the R. I. A. F. So I found 2,000 gallons of gasoline in drums. I went further in and found sugar, wheat flour, gur (brown sugar), rice and other eatables. It was a lucky day.

We then proceeded and were passing by the Baramula Convent. I went in with my camera. The Baramula Convent looked as if a thousand mad monkeys had been living in there. I saw pictures of Jesus Christ torn and littered on the floor. Copies of the Bible were desecrated and torn, furniture was broken, and all the brass was removed; even from the electrical fittings (the tribesmen must have taken it thinking it to be gold). Then I went into the chapel. It was in an indescribable state. Heads from the statues of Jesus Christ and Virgin Mary had been smashed systematically and the pieces strewn about. There was obviously a method behind this madness as the Altar was literally wrecked. Prayer desks and benches were broken and half burnt. I took my pictures; then I went into the little hospital by the Convent. I could not enter it because of the acid smell. Bottles full of acids and other chemicals had been broken by the raiders. The whole hospital was filled with an evil-smelling gas. It was evident that the vandalism in the hospital was not older than 24 hours. A number of persons lay dead—strangled and stabbed by the "Ghazis" of Pakistan. Then I saw the living rooms of the nurses, nuns and doctors. These rooms were blood-spattered. The corpses here were few but as we learnt later, some of those killed had been thrown into the River Jhelum and the others were taken away. I reported to Col. Pritam Singh the ghastly scenes. He felt extremely sad. If only we had reached there a day earlier many an innocent life might have been saved!

We did not see any locals or anybody around as we moved further. The city looked dead although we had not yet entered the interior; we were still on the main road. The column halted; our officers came out and sentries were posted. I was almost starved because I had had just a morning cup of tea for breakfast and no lunch at all, though it was

3 o'clock in the afternoon; we had driven 35 miles slowly. To my surprise food was soon ordered. The troops had cooked this before starting on their mission.

I saw another damaged civilian bus about 100 yards from us. I went to look at it and found cases of apples freshly packed which the raiders could not carry with them since the bus was damaged. I opened the first case of apples and had a good feed on a couple of them, stuffed a few of them in my various pockets and got some sentries to carry the cases. I presented the apples to Brigade Commander Sen and to Col. Pritam Singh and other officers, and here I found Max-Desfor, the A. P. A. cameraman, who was also with us but in the rear. Max being of the same trade was good company. We had a hearty meal of apples and rankers' 'chapatis' and 'dal'. While we were having lunch, a few locals approached us but were very much scared. We sent for them and told them not to be afraid as the Indian troops had come to rescue and save them. We asked them if they had seen any tribesmen or raiders near about, where their location was and when did they leave the town? They told us that the raiders were withdrawing since yesterday and the last of them had left only a couple of hours ago. But as the raiders were leaving they had looted everything the people had. Many of them had carried young women away with them. They were in a terrible state and wept as they narrated tales of horror, rape, loot, abduction and arson.

Our sentries captured a tribesman who was asleep under a small Nala bridge. He had six or seven pairs of trousers, five shirts and four coats on and a sword, a gun and some ammunition. He also had gold and silver ornaments and some cash. Obviously he had put on all his loot. The raiders had abandoned Baramula overnight and it was just a walk-over or rather a "drive-in" for the Indian Army. Thus we captured the raiders' advance headquarters without firing a single bullet in Baramula. The troops took positions and got a house cleaned up to be set up as Brigade headquarters. I hopped a lift with Brigadier Sen who with a few sentries crossed the Jhelum bridge and went inside the city. All the citizens of Baramula—Hindus converted to Islam and others—came with tears in their eyes telling us tales of horror. But as they saw the Indian Army, lines of sorrow on their faces gave place to smiles. With mingled feelings of lingering sorrow and spontaneous joy, all of them, men and women, Hindus and Muslims, came forward and surrounded our jeep which we abandoned as it was not possible to drive on due to the large crowd. A few women, with ears and noses cut off, were

crying bitterly. We met a few big businessmen and heads of the town who were living in terror during the days of raiders occupation. All the young women were taken by force to provide comfort to the Pakistani raiders while the tribesmen were satisfied with old women and children. Brigadier Sen sympathised with them, consoled them and assured them of full protection.

I was the first Photo-Correspondent to enter Baramula after its liberation by the Indian Army. Having photographed the raped Convent of Baramula, I flew back to release the pictures. Such flights from Kashmir to Delhi were frequent.

CHAPTER III

On November 29, 1947, I reached Jammu where I stayed at the Press Camp along with other Indian and foreign correspondents. The raiders in Jammu area were very strong and were actually threatening Jammu city. They were running amuck, killing, burning and looting villages. Refugees were pouring in their thousands into Jammu from various directions on foot. They were carrying with them whatever little they could save. The pilots of the R. I. A. F. stationed in Jammu who were very busy strafing and bombing the raiders reported that they could see miles-long convoys of refugees inside the lines held by the Indian Army and the State Forces. On the other side of the lines they could see the raiders in strength of thousands burning the villages. Some of the villages were already reduced to ashes while in some others the fire still raged. Reports from forward areas and first-hand information from the refugees showed that the raiders were burning men, women and children indiscriminately.

On December 1, 1947, at about 12 noon, by the courtesy of the R. I. A. F., through the Public Relations Officer, Lt. Col. Pyara Lal, I took off in a Harvard to shoot some pictures in the forward area. I was equipped with my Filmo-camera 16 mm, and Rolleiflex and Leica cameras. Before the take-off I was introduced to Flying Officer D'Cruze by the Air Liaison Officer at the Jammu airfield.

Flying Officer D'Cruze, known as Dick, took me to the Air operations tent where I was introduced to all the other pilots and the Flight commander. We had tea together and smoked a cigarette. I was then made to sign a "Blood Chit" known as an "Indemnity Bond". Dick then took me to an aircraft, jumped into the cockpit and strapped me to the seat together with a parachute. The straps were slightly loose and so Dick told the airman present to fasten the straps properly which they promptly did. It was then that Dick gave me a briefing on signals in case our inter-communications failed, or for some case of emergency. I had a pilot's helmet on complete with head-phones. The engine started full boost. Dick gave me the O.K. signal, "thumbs up" and we took off.

During our reconnaissance we came across a village on fire and surrounded by raiders. Dick dived down, strafed the raiders, killing a few. I was busy taking my pictures and we finally dispersed them. Then we flew along to another spot within Jammu border. Suddenly I heard a roaring noise and whistle passing by on our left. It was caused by one of our own "Tempest" fighters which had dived down to get her kill. While we flew along we were at an altitude of about 3,000 feet. We were looking down right and left. I saw a large band of Pathans carrying loot and ammunition on donkeys and camels. This was what we were looking for. I got my cameras ready again and started shooting while Dick dived down and strafed. We succeeded in killing a few again and wounding some others and after we had pulled up and looked around, we saw some more raiders running. Dick smiled, dived down again and strafed. During our dive I felt some vibrations. I saw some smoke on the starboard of the plane and suddenly the engine stopped and I felt that we were fast losing height. Dick gave me the "Thumbs down" signal. I felt that something was pulling me against my wishes at a terrific speed. Blood went up my head, eyes, lips, teeth and ears were jamming. I felt G4 or G5, an air force term for gravity. All this happened in the course of a few seconds. I was feeling blacked-out but even in that state I could perceive the plane hitting against something hard, probably a rock bumping and then dashing into a tree when it stopped dead.

There was complete silence for a few seconds. It was only in a subconscious state that I thought Dick was dead and that I was dead too. Apparently, Dick thought the same. The plane was catching fire, but fire had not quite reached the cockpit. I was fiddling to open my straps and parachute belt. It was then that Dick shouted, "Joe, are you all right?" I replied yes and said, "Are you O. K.?" After all, we were alive for each other! We both managed to undo our straps as quickly as possible; the flames were by then about to engulf the cockpit. I took my cameras out while Dick tried to pull out his map. I started filming and snapping our crashed plane which was in flames. Suddenly there was a big explosion. The tank had exploded. While we were hurriedly looking at the map and compass to find out the direction in order to make a dash on foot for our advance Brigade headquarters, about five or seven miles away from the scene of our crash, suddenly a rifle-shot rang past us. It seemed to come from amongst the bushes which were three to four furlongs from the spot where we stood in utter distress.

As soon as we heard the shot, we took positions and Dick answered with his revolver. We saw a man running with a rifle in his hand. We ran towards our advance Brigade headquarters in the opposite direction. We had only run just about three-quarters of a mile when someone again fired at us. We again took cover for a short while and resumed our race towards our destination, but this time in a zigzag way. While we were running zigzag we were fired at from various directions. We ducked every time and when silence prevailed, we ran again. Never before or after that fateful moment have I run so fast as I did then. Definitely the idea that life and freedom depended on the dash across a few miles, had given me the strength of a giant. Later, in happier moments, I have often recalled that if that run of mine had been counted for the world Olympics, I would have done better than Zatopek.

I could see the raiders firing at us. The bullets were missing us narrowly and while we were still running in a zigzag way desperately trying to reach our advance headquarters, the raiders came out from among trees and bushes and encircled us closely. They were still firing at us. We could hear the bullets whistle pass our ears and could see them falling just a few inches ahead of our feet, raising dust from the ground. We saw some policemen and tribesmen on horsebacks and decided in a hurried short-of-breath conference that there was not much hope in running. We stopped short and raised our hands. They were still firing at us and we ducked again. When the firing stopped, we rose to our feet. Two Pakistani policemen came galloping on their horses and with their rifles aimed at us. Dick immediately hid his revolver in the ground.

The two Pakistani policemen were in their uniforms. One of them was a Havildar. He dismounted from his horse, while the sepoy kept his rifle aimed at us. The Havildar searched us, and having found no arms with us, asked the other sepoy to dismount. They took my cameras, my press card, gold watch, gold cigarette case, cash and other valuables from me and Dick's valuables too. They went to the extent of removing our pants and shirts and other garments, though they were kind enough to leave us with our underpants and vests. They mounted their horses and carried with them our personal effects that they had looted. Dick and I stood there grinning at one another and wondering what was to follow.

Soon a band of Pathans (tribesmen) on foot approached close by and a few of them dashed towards us. Two of them removed their turbans from their heads and using these turbans as ropes tied our hands

behind our backs. They all shouted and yelled in "Pushto" and in broken Punjabi which I managed to follow. Dick hailing from the South could not quite make out what they were shouting about. I told him that they were cursing us using the words "Da Kafir" and "Da Dogra."* We did not answer them. They wanted to know exactly who we were. They asked Dick in Punjabi whether he was a Dogra or a Muslim which I translated to him in English. Dick said "Allah" which in Islam means "God". They then left Dick, came up to me and asked me who I was. I tried to change the subject, saying that I was a newspaperman which I had to translate in Urdu, as "Akhbar", which sounded like Akbar, another name of "Allah" (God).

They could not quite understand what we were trying to say but all they could follow was that we were saying something about Allah and Akbar. They held their patience with us and decided to take us to their "Pir Sahib" (the religious head). We were first marched to our aircraft which had by now burnt to ashes, together with the tree it had hit. We saw the engine which had rolled out about twenty feet away and scattered all over, and pieces of the propeller and other parts of the aircraft were lying all over the place. The Pathans fired several rounds at the burnt out ashes of the aircraft and shouted at the top of their voices "Da Khuda Ka Buchha" (Son of God). We were then made to march to a nearby village named Asar. While we were being marched towards this village, another band of Pathans shouting and screaming in Pushto came towards us and announced its intention to kill us. We could not understand what they were saying; I could only guess that they were wanting to kill us. Those who had captured us told them that they would first take us to their "Pir Sahib", interrogate us and only then kill us. The other band insisted that if our captors did not kill us, they would. There followed a hot argument between the maliks (leaders of the gangs) of the two bands. The malik of the first band ordered his men to fire at the other band and our band succeeded in killing one man from the other party. As soon as this happened, the other party who were on horsebacks, galloped away and Dick and I were left at the mercy of the first band.

While we were going towards the village our hands tied at our backs, the Pathans guarded us on all sides, front and back, right and left. Ahead of us they danced clockwise and anti-clockwise shouting "Allah-Ho-Akbar," "Pathanistan Zindabad," "Pakistan Zindabad," etc.,

* The word "Dogra" goes for the Dogra (Dogra dynasty) of Kashmir.

etc., and at the end of each clockwise and anti-clockwise dance, movement, they were firing shots in the air as a sort of celebration of their victory over us. They were very proud of having captured us. They looked extremely jubilant.

Meanwhile, a few Punjabi raiders came along and started kicking both of us at our backs and hitting us with rifle butts and barrels on our heads, knees, jaws, ribs and other joints. They beat us mercilessly and cursed us profusely. Our knees were almost broken and every time they kicked us at our backs so hard that repeatedly we fell face-long on the ground. We, however, did not cry or yell at all though we were being kicked almost to death. The Pathans who had captured us did seem to feel some sympathy for us as they told the Punjabi raiders not to beat the "prisoners". Such beating, they said, was against Islamic principles but the Punjabis did not seem to care for the words of the Pathans, and carried on with their hitting and abuse. Then the Pathans got into a temper and told the Punjabis that if they did not leave us alone, they would kill them and aimed their rifles towards the Punjabis. Thereupon the Punjabi raiders left us and went away. Limping slowly we reached the village "Asar".

We passed by the village huts and a small mosque. The mosque was doorless, so we could see inside it a couple of 20 M.M. guns and some regular Pakistan Army personnel. The sepoys had insignia of 14th Punjab Regiment on their shoulders. We later discovered that our plane was shot down by these guns that were in the mosque. Some of the village huts were also occupied by the regular Pakistan Army. It appeared to be the Company headquarters of 14th Punjab. We do not know which battalion it was.

Then the Pathans took us to a hut. While we were being taken there, the Pathan Malik and the Pathans were greeted by the Pakistan Army personnel. When we reached inside the hut we thought the Pathans were taking us to their Pir Sahib, but inside was looted property and ammunition and innocent Muslim and Hindu women; a few of them started crying on seeing us blood-stained and with only underpants and vests, our hands tied at our backs. The Pathans were somewhat kind and asked us to sit down. Then started a stream of visitors, regular Pakistan soldiers, civilians and tribesmen. They all wanted to look at us; some cursed us and some were contented only with a peep at us. The Pathans proudly told them that we were their prisoners. They also told them that they were

going to take us to their Pir Sahib without further loss of time. They told the Pakistan soldiers to go away straight from there and not to have any more loose talk. Inside the hut we could see the Pathans making forcible lascivious advances to the abducted women who were in a miserable condition, were half-naked and were shivering in cold. Then the Pathans Malik came and shouted some order to the six Pathans, who then took us out of the hut. We thought that they would probably shoot us now.

We walked to the huts where the Pakistan soldiers were housed, by the side of a Kachha track. We saw a Command car belonging to the Pakistan Army. The Company commander of the 14th Punjab saw the Pathans off in that very car. The car was being driven by a Pakistan Army driver. The Pathan Malik and one Subedar together with four other Pathans were put on guard duty; two men sat next to each of us, while two others sat in front with rifles aimed at us. Our hands were still tied at our backs.

CHAPTER IV

We started in the Command car through the Kachha track which was very rough and bumpy. We drove through a lot of ditches and a river bed. All of a sudden we heard the drone of a plane and soon we could see the plane itself. The Malik ordered everyone to get down from the car and take cover under the bushes immediately. They were spread up. All the time the guards were with us, hostile and full of suspicion. The plane was flying quite low; it was one of our Tempest fighter-bomber definitely coming in search of us as we were already overdue by a few hours. There was a sigh of hope and suspense. But unfortunately the plane could not sight us and turned towards the other direction leaving us dejected and disappointed. As we lost sight of the plane, we were ordered to get into the Command car and we started again and drove fast. We passed through a couple of villages, and passed by some armed civilians on horsebacks. They came galloping towards us and the Pathans informed them that we were their prisoners. One of them was so crazy to see us and know more about us that he followed us on horseback for about half a mile and later fell down in a ditch.

We carried on until we reached a big village called Kotla, in Gujrat District (West Punjab). Asar was a small village on the border of the District. We drove to the Battalion Headquarters of the 14th Punjab stationed in Kotla. It was about dusk time when we reached Kotla. Then we asked the Captain who was questioning us to inform India that we were alive and were in his custody, since Pakistan was not at war with India and also requested him to take us away from the Pathans and arrange to send us to India or to inform the Indian High Commissioner at Lahore about our being prisoners.

But he refused to do so, and on the contrary began to abuse and curse us. After a while he went away. We were left at the mercy of the Pathans. Just then a few yards from where we were, Pakistan Army Signals were signalling the Headquarters. We could easily hear them

signalling to the G.H.Q. Dick being a pilot had done a course in morse and I too had a little knowledge of it. But later we could make out that they were sending messages about us only to their Headquarters. Our condition was miserable. We were almost naked but for our underpants and undervests, and were shivering in cold.

Our troubles were aggravated because of our broken joints which bled almost continuously. We heard the Pathans say that they will take us to their Pir Sahib whose headquarters were in Gujrat (West Punjab). Meanwhile the Malik went away to make some arrangement for transport to go to Gujrat. In his absence a large crowd in the village gathered around us and wanted to see us. Soon their number swelled. They were all shouting "Pakistan Zindabad", "Kafir Ko Maro" (kill the infidels). The Pathans who were on guard duty were asked by some of the persons among the crowd to let everybody see us. But the Pathans would not allow them to see us and ordered them to go away, in their broken Punjabi. The Pathans even threatened the crowd that they would kill them if they did not run away from the spot. They also added with pride that we were *their* "prisoners". Then a couple of Mullas (Muslim priests) came from the village along with the crowd which was previously driven away by the Pathan guards. The Mullas spoke to the Pathans in a flattering way and congratulated them and made them agree to let everybody see us.

We felt like a juggler's monkeys. The crowd sat down around us in a circle. We were ordered to get up and go round the circle, with our hands tied at our backs with the turbans of the Pathans, and the other end of each turban was in the hands of the Pathan who was having a hard grip over them. That Pathan stood in the centre and loosened the turban while we made a round, slowing, limping or crawling with great effort and pain. The onlookers gazed at us as if they had never seen human beings before. They continuously abused and cursed us in the filthiest of language. Some of them even spat at us, others gave us a few kicks. The Pathans were cutting more and more jokes with us. It was getting dark and some more villagers came with their lanterns and lamps, together with the Tehsildar of that area.

This time the Tehsildar spoke to the Pathans and wanted us to make another round. So everything was repeated. But this time we had more persons boldly and bravely spitting on us and more of them kicked us. Suddenly the Pathans collectively got annoyed with them. They picked us up and told the crowd that if they did not behave

properly, they would shoot and kill them too. Then we made a move. We walked for a while, limping and crawling with difficulty for a furlong or so, and then saw a civilian bus that was arranged by the Pathan Malik to take us to Gujrat. When we reached this bus we were given tea and some eatables. We drank the tea but could not eat anything as our jaws were in great pain. Surprisingly the Pathans became exceedingly kind-hearted now tried to force us to eat. We had to comply and made a pretence of munching something.

The bus started on a rough track. Besides, it had no headlights and, therefore, we had to follow the hind-light of a jeep which was ahead of us and which was also going to Gujrat. That night the moon was full. We drove for several miles and then all of a sudden our bus turned turtled and fell into a ditch.

We were lucky enough to escape with only a few bruises. The driver was the worst sufferer but even his injuries were not serious. But to his ill-luck he received wild rebukes from the Pathans; he was a Punjabi Muslim whom the Pathans hated. We slowly managed to get out of the bus. The jeep which was going ahead of us returned to the scene of the accident and promised the Pathans that they would be sending some transport from Gujrat and that we might wait there with full faith in getting the transport from Gujrat in due course.

The moon was full and was flooding the area with light. It was extremely cold. We were shivering badly. The Pathans were sympathetic enough to give us 'chaddars' (a sort of cotton sheet wrapper). We felt grateful for this mercy. During these waiting hours the Pathans were cursing the Punjabi Muslims and also *Pakistan*, for not sending the transport. They waited for some more time for the transport but in vain. At last they were tired of waiting and decided to leave for Gujrat by foot. Their Malik ordered us to march. We were so dog-tired and beaten up that we could not move an inch. But under the circumstances we had to obey the Malik's order whether we liked it or not. As we started walking we rather liked it for we felt warm due to blood circulation and movement. Warmth was what we needed most at that hour.

We must have walked about five miles in the moonlight when we saw a village on the left side of the kachha track about half a mile away. The Pathans who were tired decided to spend the night in the same village. They knocked at the door of the very first hut of the village. There was no response. They knocked hard again this time for more

than ten minutes continuously. Again there was no reply. They started abusing the Punjabis. They even went to the extent of telling us that they would get their Pathanistan soon after the Kashmir business was over.

The Pathans began hitting the doors with the rifle butts. Then someone came out and with a shout asked who they were and what did they want? The Pathans angrily answered that they were Pathans and Ghazis (the Ghazis are men who go to the Holy war). They further ordered him at the rifle point to provide for eight persons' beds, food, tea, 'hukka', cigarettes, etc., immediately. The poor Pakistani answered them that all this was beyond his means and that they should go elsewhere. Another Pathan threatened to kill him if he did not obey instantly. The Pakistani who was by this time trembling with fear finally agreed to comply. He took us to a room and provided a few 'charpais'. The Pathans now ordered him to bring tea and cigarettes, etc. The Pakistani replied that there was no milk as in the villages they usually curdled the milk during night hours. But one clever Pathan ordered him to milk his goats. At last the Pakistani had to obey them. After some time we started falling asleep and began to feel warm. But we had hardly had a few winks of sleep when we were ordered to get up and return the 'chaddars' (the cotton wrappers) to the Pathans and walk out. In our hearts we were convinced at that time that we were about to be shot. So we muttered our last prayers. When we came out of the hut we saw one regular Pakistan Police Inspector with a couple of other constables and two other men in civilian dress. We were taken over by the police from the Pathans. The Pathans were wished by the Police Inspector and the Pathans in reply said, "Khudha Hafiz" (good bye) and we went along with this Pakistan Police Inspector fifty yards; where we saw a jeep; we were ordered to get into it. All of us got into the jeep, which was without a hood and it drove with good speed.

CHAPTER V

We arrived in the city of Gujrat. It was after a long time that we had seen road-lights. It was quiet, as the town had gone to sleep, but we could hear a few rifle shots now and then, and could not make out what they were for. The jeep drove to the city's Police Station Headquarters. Here we were both questioned by the Police Inspector and then separated. Dick was taken away and I was left alone with the Police Inspector.

This Police Inspector was cruel and he went on beating me mercilessly and abusing me in a very filthy language. Since I was a Hindu I was ill-treated all the more. When he got fed up with beating me and torturing me he asked the sepoy to take me away. I was then taken into the Police Thana and locked up in one of the cells. Now I was separated from Dick. The cell had a filthy old blanket infested with thousands of bugs and lice. It was so cold that despite the feeling of revulsion I had to cover myself with this blanket. Beneath me the floor was bare and benumbing. The bugs and the lice had a feast of their life on my blood.

As soon as I had begun to feel the warmth of that bug-infested blanket, I was ordered to get up. The order was followed by quite a few kicks and slaps. Soon I got out of this cell I saw Dick who had been locked up in another cell in the same Thana and we were together taken again in the same jeep to another place at the other end of the town. We crossed the railway lines and were taken to the house of Mian Mohammed Akbar Faruki (this name I came to know later on). He appeared to be a nice man. The Police Inspector had some consultation with him in whispers and he directed them to another place about three furlongs away. This place was a rice dump. We saw a few civilian armed guards there and we were left there by the Police Inspector who gave strict instructions to the guards and went away. We squatted on the floor. Our hands were still tied at our back. We then met a few residents of the rice dump. These were rats of all sizes, big and small, and were very

happy to greet us. They came forward boldly to lick the blood which stained our bodies. With our hands tied, we could not do anything to shoo them away. While our eyes were shut I heard one of the guards whisper to another fellow that he wanted to kill me. I opened my small eyes a little and saw a big knife in his hands. Suddenly I pretended to go sick and coughed so loudly that Dick woke up and asked me if anything was wrong with me. I told him what I had overheard and suggested that we should give them a battle before we died. Since these guards knew that we were both awake they went to sleep. A little later the daylight began to peep into the rice dump and it got brighter. Since this rice dump was by the side of the main road we could hear the traffic movements and the Pathans shouting and walking by in large numbers. All our guards were outside the room we were locked in. About an hour later a fellow came with a big tray of tea and some eatables. We enjoyed the tea very much as we were starving and could not help smiling.

A few hours later while we were looking through cracks in the doors we saw an Army transport stopping outside on the road. We saw regular Pakistan Army officers jump out. They removed their shoulder badges and then came to us. They asked the guards to let them see us and ask us a few questions. Before asking the questions, they threatened to kill us should we fail to answer them. We were separately interrogated in an adjoining room of the rice dump. The first thing we asked the interrogating officer was that he should inform the Indian Deputy High Commissioner at Lahore about us since we were in Pakistan and Pakistan should return us to India safe. He refused to do so. The second thing we asked him for was medical aid. We were further threatened that he would kill us if we asked him for anything else. Then he asked us who we were. Dick answered that he was an R.I.A.F. officer and I told him that I was a photo-correspondent. They asked Dick several questions which Dick refused to answer. He was threatened with death but he never bothered about it. They told him that he was a very bad and silly officer. Then they came up to me and the same thing was repeated. I refused to tell them anything. Then they went away in a terrible temper and left word that we would soon be shot. In the afternoon some tea and food was brought in. We appreciated this very much.

Just after dark, two cars came and we were asked to get in. The guards changed and the other car which was full of armed Police

followed our car as we drove out. We were then taken to a house by the side of Gujrat railway station on the Kunja Road level crossing. This house had more armed guards standing with rifles and our guards handed us over to them. The guards that were in the house separated us and locked us up in different rooms. A few days later, one person, known as Malik Sahib, visited us. We were interrogated by him separately. He first threatened to kill us. Even then we refused to tell him anything. Later he offered us good jobs with the raiders in the so-called Azad Kashmir. We refused this too. We were very much disliked by this Malik Sahib. Then he left us. A few days later, the two officers who interrogated us both in the rice dump came again and asked us if we knew anyone in Pakistan. He also asked us if we had changed our minds and whether we were willing to join them or would we prefer to be killed. Even at this critical juncture we replied to him emphatically in the negative. We also told him that we knew some people in Pakistan. I told him that I knew Mr. Jinnah whom I had met in Delhi before the partition of the country. Another person I knew was Major General Kiani of Azad Hind Fauj raised by Subhas Chandra Bose. I later discovered that Major General Kiani was the Commanding General in the Kashmir invasion. I had known Major General Kiani and his Malayan wife very well. These two officers went away. Then some days later on they came up to me with Major General Kiani. General Kiani recognised me but refused to give me any sort of help in my release or otherwise. On the contrary, he was rather rude to me. So I gave up all hope of my leaving Pakistan or even remaining alive.

But before leaving the place they were kind enough to permit both of us to live together. Days after days went by. It was extremely cold as these were the months of December and January. We were without clothes, locked up in a room, not allowed to sit in the sun even for a while and denied medical aid. The food which was good for the first few days deteriorated. It looked as if we were given the remains of servants' food from the house of Mian Faruki of Gujrat. Sometimes the food did not come at all. But there was nobody to bother about it or to ask why we did not get any food.

We were having a horrible time. The place was full of lice and bugs which crawled into our ears and nostrils. We spent the whole day delousing ourselves. The guards used to change every three or four days. Some of them were very cruel. They used to kick us, slap us and hit us with anything handy. During the night when we were asleep, they often

focused flashlight on our eyes or some times kicked us to make 'sure' that we were there and not dead. We made several complaints about these guards to the officers, but none of them bothered about. Certain officers very kindly permitted us to read the "Pakistan Times", which was provided by them and was always a few days old. Day and night we used to see the Pathans crossing the road shouting and firing hundreds of rounds and looting the city of Gujrat. Every time the Pathans were in substantial numbers they created trouble, indulging in looting and killing. Then the regular Pakistan Army would come in with armoured cars and light tanks and restore law and order temporarily. Curfew used to be imposed every second or third day. The business of the whole city was paralysed. We even heard the Pathans shouting "Pathanistan Zindabad".

Sometimes the guards would bring with them an abducted woman from the Jammu area. They were often bought for 12 annas and 10 annas (20 to 40 cent) apiece. The guards would contribute a couple of annas each to buy a woman, keep her for a week or so and resell her for 8 annas or 6 annas. They never bought more than one woman at a time and this poor woman, whoever she happened to be, was shared in turns by our guards, always six in number. She was kept at the starvation diet, one 'chapati' in the morning and one in the evening, or a couple of ounces of rice. She was invariably dressed in a thin cotton rag having been robbed of her clothes and jewellery. We were shown to each woman and our guards used to boast: "See, these are our prisoners, we have captured them", and so on. We were helpless ourselves. We lived there during those horrible days, seeing such crimes happening in the very house where we were living at the hands of the brutal raiders. Our guards were composed of Pakistan ex-army men, ex-I.N.A. men, all Punjabi Muslims.

One day one of our guards brought us an old issue of the "Pakistan Times". The paper prominently featured the statement by Mr. Nehru threatening to bomb the raiders' bases in Pakistan, since Pakistan was aiding and abetting the raiders. This had a salutary effect on Pakistan's home and defence policy. Pakistan started preparing for defence. At the same time India stopped the supplies of coal and other strategic and consumer goods to Pakistan and also the payment of Rupees 55 crores through the Reserve Bank of India. We were able to see through our peep-hole the effect of Nehru's threat. All the passenger trains were stopped. We saw continuous troop movements. Every inch of space was occupied by the regular Pakistan troops

coming from Rawalpindi and other bases in the N.W.F.P. and going towards Lahore and way down up to Karachi to fortify the border. Whenever these trains passed through Gujrat Station, the troops used to shout slogans of "Allah-Ho-Akbar" and "Pakistan Zindabad". I saw train-loads of tanks and armoured cars, each train carrying a complete squadron. Artillery in light-medium and heavy-guns was going towards Lahore. Then alternately I could see goods trains carrying food supplies and also train-loads of large size wooden logs to be used as road blocks to check the Indian advance. Pakistan Air Force got quite active; squadrons of Tempests, Spitfires and Harvards flew over Gujrat. Within the town of Gujrat, a Special Order of the Day was announced by means of publicity vans fitted with loudspeakers, stating that India was going to attack Pakistan and every Pakistani should be prepared to defend his homeland. "Delhi Chalo" (get ready to march to Delhi) was the slogan. A.R.P. training was given to these people. The Pakistan planes flying night and day outdived to show to the people how to take cover in case of "enemy" attack. Our guards started disliking us all the more when they heard Nehru's threat to attack raiders' bases in Pakistan. Our life started becoming more difficult and miserable. The food that was sent to us was eaten up frequently by our guards and we had to starve and stare at them helplessly. But they were not satisfied with that and often hit us with rifle butts and kicked us. At the railway station we saw trenches being dug for the railway staff. We used to wonder about our future in case India attacked the raiders' bases in Pakistan. But in one way we were happy at the thought of an attack on the bases. It did not matter if we were killed. At least the atrocities on innocent human beings committed by the Pakistani raiders in Kashmir would be avenged. But instead of that India, on advice of Lord Mountbatten, had gone to U.N.O.

CHAPTER VI

In Gujrat, most of our time was spent in looking at the incoming and outgoing trains, crossing the Gujrat railway station, which we could see from the peep-hole of our window. With the increased pressure of the Indian Army in Jhanger and Naushera sectors in Jammu area, Pakistan, through the efforts of Abdul Qaiyum, the then Premier of N.W.F.P., and the Governor of N.W.F.P., had started putting in more Pathans into the battle to be massacred. In this they had two motives: one, to make the Pathans bitter enemies of India; and the other, to prevent the regular Pakistan Army and Pakistan nationals who were fighting as "Azad" raiders from being killed. Abdul Qaiyum, being a very clever man, bribed and bought these tribal chiefs and religious heads by giving them parties at the Government House and by feigning to show a lot of interest in them. At the same time the tribal chiefs who were almost swept off their feet with such an honour shown to them by Pakistan, were also provided with captured Kashmiri women since these people are usually sex-starved due to shortage of women in that country. All that the tribal chiefs and religious heads wanted was wine and women in plenty and sufficient money. These were made available to them by the Pakistan Government of the N.W.F.P. Besides all this, they were given the temptation of lands in Kashmir and also the lure of loot and rape.

In Pakistan itself the tribesmen did not have to spend anything on transport, etc., and, therefore, kept all the loot to themselves. Local District Governments were given special orders to give the tribesmen big feasts when they arrived in the Gujrat district or elsewhere en route to forward areas. Each tribesman brought his own rifle with him, at the same time groups of them were given training in the use of Bren-guns and mortars. I used to see through the peep-hole of our window military special trains pass-

ing; regular Pakistan soldiers disembarking and also special trains carrying ammunition, grenades and mortar bombs and other weapons. I used to see mortar bomb boxes being collected at the platform and reloaded in civilian transport to be carried to the Jammu front. Each tribesman was given 50 rounds of 303 and half a pound of snuff and promised so much more. But, in fact, after that he had to find his own way to advance, kill or die. Then I used to see other trains passing by and would look at the free people travelling to and fro whereas we were prisoners who could not move. The trains were a source of entertainment helping us pass our time.

While we passed terrible days seeing atrocities being inflicted on innocent women, our guards used to demoralise us by telling us that they had captured Jammu. Of course, we never believed these things. Many times they even told us that Nehru had been killed or Patel had been killed and that the remaining members of the Cabinet had asked for help of Pakistan and that they were sending their army to Delhi. Of course, we never took any notice of these lying reports. One unfortunate night, however, one of the guards came and told us that Gandhiji had been killed. We disbelieved it like their previous bluffs, and told him that he was a big liar. He insisted that he was speaking the truth and nothing but the truth and we said that he was telling a bloody lie. We told him that we knew India and we knew the great Mahatma Gandhi. Such a thing could never be thought of but then the other guards joined in the discussion and insisted that they were right, and said: "Believe it or not, Mahatma Gandhi is killed and is no more." Next morning one of the guards bought the "Pakistan Times" to prove that he was right. There was the news of Gandhiji's assassination. It came to us as a bolt from the blue; a tremendous shock which made us forget even the inhuman misery we were suffering at the hands of our captors. Hoping against hope, we tried to think that the whole thing was Pakistani propaganda and untrue. But subsequent events left no doubt about the accuracy of this agonising news. We were terribly shaken; shocked beyond words. For a few days we could not eat.

Life started changing from bad to worse. Visitors stopped coming. We were left at the mercy of the guards who were always cruel to us. Many a time we even thought of escaping though there was every chance of our being killed in that attempt. But since we had no clothes on, except our underpants and undervests, we did not want

to be rash and foolish enough to court certain death.

I saw our guards trading in women and children. Small children of ages ranging from 1 to 10 were brought from the Jammu front and were sold. Grown up children were misused. I just could not tolerate these things happening right in front of us. Then one evening we saw the Pathans collecting near the railway station. Some of our old guards came to spend the night with our guards and kept on whispering something to them. We just could not understand what they were talking. Then in the middle of the night of Jan.-March 1948, while we were asleep we heard automatic fire and explosions sounding like mortar bombs and hand grenades. So many explosions and automatic fires went on that one could easily believe that war was on, and various weapons were being used. But we did not know what was happening. It sounded like a battle around the railway station. Our guards and the old guards that had come to spend the night also went away. We were locked up in our rooms and were left with armed guards having Sten-guns. We were looking through the window. I saw the Pathans and Punjabis carrying Hindu women and children towards the town. Later the two guards that were left on duty told us that they had slain many Sikhs and Hindus after having stopped a refugee train which was going to India. The refugee train was guarded by about 60 men of the Indian Army.

Having heard the fires of automatic weapons and mortar and grenades and a whole night battle, I would say that the Indian soldiers gave a wonderful battle and inflicted a lot of casualties on the Pathans and Pakistanis.

Next morning we saw through our window that the Pathans were carrying their dead and wounded. I presume that the outnumbered Indian soldiers fought them from under the railway carriages and estimated that they gave the Pathans as many as 100 killed and 100 or more wounded. The Pathans suffered more casualties for the simple reason that theirs was a mob attack. The Indian soldiers, moreover, used automatic weapons. Later we were told by our guards that the Station Master at Gujrat had told the Pathan Maliks about the refugee train arriving at night. So the Pathans went to the Azad Headquarters at Gujrat and got mortars and other arms and ammunition and set up mortars in a mosque opposite the station with the help of men of the Pakistan Army.

In the morning, little after sunrise, we heard the drone of a plane.

It was flying very low over the railway station and made three circles. The Pathans ran away with the fear that it may be an Indian plane and that it might strafe them or bomb them. So the battle stopped. After the plane went away the Pathans withdrew from the railway station. Then at about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning there came a regular Pakistan Army detachment with a few armoured cars. The Army men greeted the Pathans saying "well done, but now you can go. Bada Sahib (big shot) is coming." The Pathans left gradually with the loot and the abducted women and children that they had captured at the railway station. An hour later we heard the horns of modern cars and saw a few big cars going towards the station. They were probably coming from Lahore for they were bearing Lahore numbers on them. Order was gradually restored.

Our guards and the old guards brought in a young woman and three or four boxes of loot; they had even brought the keys of the boxes. This poor young girl was in a terrible state, trembling with fear of death and loss of honour. She was extremely beautiful and looked cultured. She was crying bitterly. After having been brought into the house, she was stripped naked and her jewellery was removed and a couple of guards who claimed to have captured her from the refugee train raped her. We heard her scream and cries at the top of her voice. We just could not tolerate this barbarous act. But there was nothing that we could do. Then she was told about us and we were shown to her. She cried as one does on meeting lost or forlorn relations.

We had seen so much of abduction, and then we had been through so much hard life these few months after our capture, that crying had lost much of its meaning. There comes a stage in human suffering when tears are exhausted and torture, impossible to put up with in the beginning, becomes a sort of daily routine. The guards divided the looted property among themselves. This young girl was kept till the guards changed. Then they sold her to another fellow for Rs. 5, a high price for she was young and beautiful. Our guards used to abuse, slap and kick us and even spit at us as a matter of routine, or just for the fun of it.

One of them whom I cannot help mentioning was named Allayar and used to stammer while talking. The cruel and mean of a bastards he was he always threatened to kill us. He used to stand right in front of us every time we went to answer the call of nature. He used to stand with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet and would even kick us some time. But we could not do anything about it. During the night when he was on guard duty,

since we were locked up most of the time in our rooms, he used to come every ten minutes, hitting the doors with his rifle butt, making noise, or yelling. He would wake us up after every ten or fifteen minutes. Sometimes he used to order us not to sleep at all and would not even permit us to go undercover in those chilly and cold nights.

There were, however, a few other guards who were nice to us and even sympathised with our cause. We cannot forget them. One of them even used to play cards with us and would give us cigarettes to smoke. Since he had himself once been a prisoner under the Japanese during the Second World War, he treated us kindly. For various reasons I cannot disclose his name. Once he even promised us that if we wrote a letter he would mail it for us. We were very much inclined to accept that, but after having calculated the risk of writing a letter to India and considering that the moment these people came to know of it, they would kill us immediately, we dropped that idea.

But we started making plans for our escape. We even loosened the screws of a certain window after a week of labour, hiding it from our guards. We loosened the screws with the help of an old nail that was lying in one of the corners; but we could not escape from there till each of us had acquired a pyjama or a pair of pants and a shirt. We were more than 70 miles from Lahore, and it was impossible for one to escape without clothes. But we never lost hope and kept on planning and replanning our escape. Dick had also another difficulty; he did not know the Punjabi language. Even if one of us was caught, it would be risky. We did not want to take such a risk. Whenever we used to get time from delousing ourselves, picking lice from the body with the help of our nails that had grown so big and were used as Chinese back scratcher, we used to scratch at our beards which were about 3-month-old. It was funny to look at each other.

One day while delousing, all of a sudden we heard the drone of a plane and discovered that it was a Harvard flying over the city of Gujrat. We could easily guess that someone was doing acrobatics. We requested the guards to let us see the plane. We could see the Pakistan marking on it. We learnt from our guards that the pilot flying this plane was Wing Commander Akhtar Khan of the Pakistan Air Force, flying over the house of the girl whom he was going to marry the next day. We kept quiet about it. We enquired afterwards if there was an airfield there, and were told that there was a small landing strip about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away from the railway station. So we made plans during the night,

that we would jump into Akhtar Khan's plane when everybody would be busy in the marriage and if there were any guards about it, we would give them a small fight and make good our escape in the plane. But to our utter disappointment the plane never landed there. So we started making plans to escape by land or by rail into the interior to Rawalpindi.

CHAPTER VII

Ever since we came to Gujrat we used to hear, night and day, rifle shots. During the day the crows always yelled in alarm and soon after we would hear some rifle shots. We could not understand all this for months together till one day when I was looking through the window I saw a crow yelling and a Pathan walking on the road.

When one crow cawed, the others yelled in alarm and they all took off from the trees of the main road and flew towards the interior. I heard rifle shots and discovered that tribesmen were shooting crows. On enquiry from our guards we were told that the tribesmen ate crow-meat. They usually roasted the birds, dabbed them with a little rock salt and ate them with relish. According to our guards, who spoke Pushto (Pathan language), the Pathans had told him that a crow tasted better than a chicken. So whenever we heard the crows yelling we would assume that the Pathans were on the road. They were brought into Gujrat by special trains from Peshawar (N.W.F.P.) and loaded like cattle in these trains. That is putting it very politely. Actually the position was much worse. At least 60 to 70 Pathans were huddled into a carriage normally meant to accommodate not more than fifteen.

There was hardly any space to breathe in. Many clung precariously to the window-bars. Since we were close to the railway station, and the railway station was within our clear view, we saw all this. Often enough, large numbers of Pathans used to clamber up to the roof of the train. All with their rifles, of course. It was quite a sight to see such a train coming. We saw many of them on the engine bumper and wherever else they could sit, on top of the coal and some of them even with the engine drivers. Whenever the train started or arrived near an inhabited village or town, the head of the tribe (Malik) would fire a rifle shot and then everyone else would follow him firing a shot in the air. It was quite entertaining to hear thousands of shots being fired in the air, then the train whistling and starting off. Once on the famous Frontier Mail, which runs from Lahore to Peshawar—I saw a few

tribesmen walking over the roof right from the rear, crossing about 20 carriages and going over to the engine while the train was running at the speed of 40 to 45 miles an hour.

These Pathans were dare-devils, they did not bother about the risk involved as compared to the pleasure that they would get out of the joy-ride that they were getting for the first time in their life. Most of them had never seen railway trains or electricity or so many cars. They never had the opportunity to walk in a civilised town. They had always been kept in the No Man's Land ever since the British occupied India. They liked Pakistan for getting them out of the tribal area, bringing them into Pakistan and giving them the opportunity to travel free and the freedom to kill and commit loot, arson, rape and abduction in Kashmir. We could often hear the tribesmen tell our guards: "Oh! Pakistan is a nice country and then there are cinemas in Pakistan, railways in Pakistan, aeroplanes, tanks and guns and in fact everything." They would peep into the radio like a monkey to find if there was any man sitting inside the wooden or metal box and on listening to the disturbances they would cry "Oh, the man is coughing now". The illiterate Pakistani felt superior and civilised to the Pathans and called them 'Junglies'.

A Pathan, to my knowledge, has great self-respect. He would kill anybody if insulted and would give his life for anyone if need be and if he likes the person. He is a straight and sincere human animal. We civilised people are neither straight nor sincere but crooked and treacherous. The Pathan will never play a dirty trick with you. If he wants to fight he will challenge you and then come and fight. But he would do anything for greed. Ever since they got freedom in Pakistan, they are becoming more unmanageable considering they don't care about their lives. Very seldom you will come across an old Pathan. Most of them die young—not of sickness but from a bullet or a sword or a dagger. Each village in the No Man's Land is an enemy of the other village. If somebody's grandfather killed somebody else grandfather, the enmity between those two families and villages never ends. The son, the grandson, the great grandson and so on, would keep on killing the other and such the enmity keeps on multiplying, for the death must be avenged. The Pathans are very fond of arms. Rifles are manufactured in the No Man's Land in the Khyber Pass and rifles are the only modern weapon they have. They cannot afford to buy a new one easily; so whenever one is able to get his first rifle he sticks to it and loves it more than his

dear life, sleeps with his rifle and is never without the rifle for a second. A Pathan would risk his life even to collect an empty shell of a round because he can have it refilled in the Khyber Pass factory at a very low cost. He will go within the enemy range to collect even an empty bottle or beer can. He can use these to hold the mustard oil needed for oil lamps.

In Gujrat I used to see Pathans sleeping on the road with their rifles between their knees and the knees folded right up to their bellies. They didn't need reservations in hotels or any beddings or hot and cold water, tooth brushes, towels, antiseptics or any such modern necessities of life. They could afford to starve for a week and when they have their first meal they make up for this and also eat a little extra by way of precaution for the future. They had to find their own food, women and everything else in Kashmir. Except for a little ammunition to go and fight till the last bullet or till death; Pakistan gave them nothing. Of course, they had regular Pak troops fighting on strategic places in Kashmir and whenever they wanted to occupy a certain position they would bring in a few hundreds or a few thousands of Pathans as the need be and put them into the battle. Let the Pathans go and be massacred by the Indian bullets—that was the rule. Only when the Indians had fought till their last bullet or man, giving as many casualties as they could to the attacking Pathans, regular Pak troops would go attack and occupy the position.

Some of the Pathans became too clever for the Pakistanis in the early days of their training for the Kashmir adventure. Instead of going to Jammu and Kashmir to be killed they started looting in Pakistan itself and raping and abducting Pakistani women. They would go to the brothels in Pakistan, tell the prostitutes that they were Ghazis (men from the holy war) and, of course, would not pay them anything. They would eat all their food, sleep there and after all that luxury carry with them the bedding and the cot they had slept on! If any of these prostitutes tried to be nasty, they would put a bullet into her. Not only did the brothels close down, the tribesmen also paralysed the business and life of every city or village they went to. Pakistan had made no arrangements to feed or clothe them nor had built any barracks for them. They were brought in from the North West Frontier to attack and occupy Kashmir. But why should they go to Kashmir and be massacred for the sake of loot and women, some of them thought, if they could get the same in Pakistan? They started looting rifles from the Pakistan Police posts and in many cases a Pakistan soldier going on duty was quietly stabbed and

deprived of his rifle. The Pathans were very fond of Mark 4 rifles as compared to the one of their own make in the Khyber Pass. This is just a snappy picture of the Pathans in Pakistan.

CHAPTER VIII

We were still planning, trying to calculate the risk involved in escaping to Rawalpindi when they shifted us from this house to a big temple on the other side of the town, known as Bawa Mandir. Now we were two miles away from the railway station, and the city was full of Pathans and raiders. It was safer to be at the mercy of our guards rather than escape and be killed by the raiders outside. At the same time we heard that they might shift us to the Azad Headquarters at Rawalpindi—something which we looked forward to. The Bawa Mandir was the headquarters of the Azad Forces in Gujrat. Most of the raiders used to live there, and the loot, women and children captured from the Jammu area, were kept in all the underground store-rooms of the temple. The idols of this temple were removed and in their place one of their commanders known as Major Fateh Khan, an ex-I.N.A.* officer, lived.

There we met a fellow called Michael D'Souza, a Goanese boy. He was a wine-waiter in the 1/2 Punjab. He was captured in the Jhangar area (Jammu) on December 24-25, 1947. He was first wounded by a bullet which he survived. Later on the same evening he was stabbed on his neck with a bayonet by the raiders and was left as dead. Next day he was found alive and captured by the Pathans who were passing that way whom he told that he was a Muslim and not a Christian. He told them a big lie, but the risk was worth it, as he was alive. Michael was captured 24 or 25 days after our plane crash. But he was kept separately from us. He was never given any medical aid. Luckily his wounds healed up in about two months' time and one of the guards who was kind to him used to give him some tincture which he used to apply over his wounds. But the official orders were not to give him any medical aid. If he died it would be all to the good. He was kept on a starvation diet.

* I. N. A. (Indian National Army, created by Subhas Chandra Bose in Japan and Germany).

When I met him he was a mere skeleton like us. Later on by the kindness of the commander, Michael was attached to us as our orderly. He used to work with us from early morning to 8 o'clock in the evening. We felt very happy to have a third man with us and so was he. Michael's morale went up. He used to tell us tales of horror about what he saw in the holy temple during his two months of captivity.

He told us about the women that were brought there in truck-loads from the Jammu area, irrespective of their religion. They were dumped into the big room like sheep. They were then stripped of their jewellery, gold, etc., and stripped naked. They were distributed to the raiders of the Azad Forces as comfort girls, according to the rank of the raiders and beauty of the unfortunate women. The prettiest and choicest of them were allotted to the high ranking officers. They were taken in the evening to the houses of senior officers and were brought back the next morning. These senior officers included Major General Kiani, Colonel Habibur Rahman, Colonel Arshad and others, who formed the Indian National Army in Japan. The unwanted girls and old women were kept in a camp in Kunja, a few miles from Gujrat. Some of them were converted to Islam and married to the raiders who were our guards. But these were temporary marriages. Later on the same women were sold to the other guards. Now and then they used to come and tell us of these atrocities with pride. We used to flatter and encourage these guards and made them speak more of what they had done so as to gather the real and full facts about what was happening and going on there at that time.

The head priest of this temple, with the help of his servant, had escaped during the riots. The disciple of this priest, a young boy, very well educated in Sanskrit and Vedas and other religious books, was forcibly converted to Islam. He was living there. We were not allowed to talk to him. Michael, our orderly, was better off than us inasmuch as he could speak to everyone. The raiders were very careful about our movements and never allowed us to talk with any outsider.

As previously mentioned, Major Fateh Khan, Commander of this temple camp, who used to live in the place of Gods, used to enjoy and sleep with women in that sacred apartment, where formerly Shiva's idol was kept. Various other rooms of this temple were used by the guards for committing similar shameful crimes. After we were moved to this temple, one day some women were brought in and we were locked in

our rooms so that we may not be able to see them. We heard the horrible cries of these innocent women.....? We could not tolerate this but were helpless. We felt like killing the guards but instead we had to put up with all this and even feign an air of indifference.

The guards used to blurt out most of the stories and tell us what was happening there then. Many prisoners were kept in this temple in various corners. They too were often being tortured and we used to hear their cries. Some of them were later on shot dead. Michael who had freedom of movement because of his insignificance within the temple premises, used to come and tell us all that was going on there. One day a guard who disliked me very much threatened to kill me with his knife in spite of my being escorted by two other guards when I was going to answer the call of nature in the nearby jungle. I used to enjoy these few minutes' walks outside the temple as I could move my legs. I liked it very much as it was three months since I had walked even an inch. We were locked in one room. In this temple headquarters, I could get some sun-shine and I enjoyed it very much. Fresh air that I got for a few minutes began to put some life into me again. But this did not last long. Not even eight days.

By about the early part of the second week of March we were taken to Rawalpindi by road in a bus. We had about 22 guards for three of us. It was raining and I felt bitter cold. The commander very kindly gave me a cotton pyjama and shirt. Since I had put them on after a very long time and that too in winter, this gave me appreciable warmth. We arrived in Rawalpindi after 10 p.m. since the bus failed on the way and we had to wait till it was repaired. As soon as we arrived there we were taken to a room on the second floor of the S. D. College hostel. The S. D. College and its hostel buildings were the actual Azad Kashmir Headquarters known as Tarrarkhel. We reached here on March 9 at about 11 or 12 p.m. It was raining and so the road was very muddy. We were shivering with cold. Rawalpindi is close to the Murree Hills. On these hills it had snowed that day.

The whole area of the S. D. College was stinking and was full of raiders. In this room we met a couple of officers of Azad Kashmir Forces. They spoke good English and we enjoyed meeting these new faces. We were starving to meet new people other than our guards who were illiterate and had uncouth manners. It was here that we got our first meal to eat, after

about four months of our captivity. After a long time we tasted white bread. We thought that good days were ahead. They were very kind to loan us their blankets for the night, or else we would have been frozen to death since the clothes that we had on were wet. The blankets, full of lice that Dick, Michael and I had for each of us, were soaked in water during our journey from Gujrat to Rawalpindi. It was in that room that we saw electric lights for the first time in the four months of our captivity.

Next morning we had a cup of tea and something to eat. The room was guarded by four armed guards, one with a Sten-gun and the other three with rifles. We were guarded for full 24 hours. But the doors of this room were kept open all the time as instructed by the higher authorities. There was one advantage and one disadvantage. The advantage was that we could see what was going on in the Headquarters. We could see the movements of the people, cars, trucks, jeeps and we could also see the raiders, how they lived in the other main college building. At the back was a big hockey ground. We could see soldiers, i.e., the raiders on parade in civilian dress, who were getting military training. The raiders, the so-called soldiers of the Azad Kashmir Forces, were composed of 2 per cent. Kashmiris and the rest ex-I.N.A. and ex-military persons plus boys taken from the Muslim League National Guards, Khaksars and criminals and convicts that were released from the jail for fighting in Kashmir. I could see the battle-torn motor transport, trucks and jeeps and a few armoured cars that were captured by the raiders in Jhangar (Jammu area) on 24-25 December 1947. We were visited by other officers of the Azad Kashmir. They told us that Gen. Tariq wanted to see us. We replied that we would be very glad to grant him an interview.

During the day all the persons went to work in the offices. There came a young Punjabi-Kashmiri officer who was kind to us. He even brought us some books to read; these books had the marking of S. D. College Library. We were very happy to get the books. Even the food that was now being served to us seemed to be of a little better quality. The quality, however, was lower than that of the food served in the cheapest restaurant in Delhi. We went to bed at about midnight. The lights were kept on throughout the night. The three of us were then mere skeletons, having hardly any flesh on our bones. We were in a very pitiable condition.

A little after we had gone to sleep, we were woken up.

for Gen. Tariq had come to see us. Gen. Tariq came in. He was the same old short fellow, green eyed, brown beard and Pathan cut hair, with long boots and speaking English slowly, whom we had met before, some three or four days after our capture in Gujrat, where he was known as Malik Sahib. That time he had threatened to kill us if we did not join them. I discovered that anybody could be introduced to a stranger as Gen. Tariq. But actually that was just a little name for fictitious persons and in reality there was no Gen. Tariq at all. Major General M. Z. Kiani of the Subhas Chandra Bose's Indian National Army in Japan was the man running the Azad show from Rawalpindi under the direct order of the Pakistan High Command.

I saw several British officers of the Pakistan Army passing by in their cars and visiting the Azad Headquarters down below. One day I even saw a Crown car coming into the Azad Headquarters. The so-called Gen. Tariq asked us during the visit at the middle of night if we wanted anything. The first thing I asked him was that we should be informed of our status—whether we were prisoners or something else—and that they should at least allow us to write to our people at home in India. He did allow us to write letters to India. I was very happy that we could at least communicate with our people and thanked him for his kindness. We asked him for some woollen clothes of any kind which he refused. Then we asked him about giving us a status under the Geneva Convention. He very kindly allowed us to be called prisoners of war. He also told us to write to our people that we were all right and perfectly well off and were well treated (which was untrue) and also told us to write our address and our names Care P.O.W. Camp, Tarrarkhel (Azad Kashmir), via Rawalpindi, Pakistan. Although we were in Rawalpindi, we had never been to Tarrarkhel. We believed that there was an advance Headquarters in Palandari. Tarrarkhel is within the jurisdiction of Palandari. Palandari is a village on the Pakistan-Kashmir border. Anyway, the General left us and we went to sleep.

We were very happy that we would be able to write letters to our people and tell them that we were at least alive and not dead; this we did. Then next morning we had some more visitors who spoke good English but came in civilian dress. In the afternoon, came two medium built Englishmen in plain clothes. They all spoke to us for a few minutes and I told them both that according to the Geneva Convention and

also "Freedom of the Press", one could not put me in prison, and told them that they were wrong in keeping me as a prisoner and that they should release me at once and hand me over to the Pakistan authorities who will hand me over to the Indian High Commissioner at Lahore or Karachi. I told the same thing to Gen. Tariq and to Gen. Kiani also. But they point-blank refused and told us that they did not recognise the Geneva Convention or any such thing at all.

Next morning we were ordered to be ready in half an hour's time. We told them that we were ready right then for anything. They told us to roll our blankets which we did. We were brought down on the road, put in an ambulance van with six armed guards, one Havildar with a Sten-gun and a captain as escort officer and the ambulance began to move. It stopped about 50 yards ahead, and two skinny Dogras with long beards, almost naked, trembling with fear of death and scratching their lice as we were doing, were also put in the same van. We were ordered not to talk to them "or else.....?" The ambulance began to move again.

It moved through the bazars of Rawalpindi. We could see through the little open hole since it was all covered up. Then about an hour later or so it started climbing. We could tell that by listening to the change of the gears. It drove till about 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening. It was very foggy and the driver could not see anything. There was every risk of the ambulance falling deep into a ditch. So the captain ordered the ambulance to stop near a roadside tea shop. It was a primitive type of tea shop such as you find in the villages of North West Frontier Province and Murree Hills. By the surroundings of the hills and the extreme cold, we could tell that we were on the Murree Road going towards Murree. Well, we spent the night in the tea shop. Everybody was lying on the bare floor in a very dark room with a small oil can burning as the only source of light. Half of the guards inside and half outside were guarding us. The captain spent the night on a bed. It was put for him by the stove where tea was boiling. All our guards and the captain, who were in regular army woollen dress and overcoats, were all right except for us unfortunate, clothless prisoners who were freezing. Anyway, we passed the night scratching our bodies since the lice were troubling us a lot. The captain was kind enough to give us something to eat, and also a cup of tea during the night and a cup in the morning.

Next morning our journey up the hills was continued. It was

about the evening that we felt extremely cold and we were all shivering in a miserable state when it started snowing. The captain at this hour ordered the back of the curtain to be kept open. This had an advantage and a disadvantage too. The advantage was that we could see the snow falling and setting on the trees and leaves, and on the road that we were passing by. We could even see the tracks of the wheels of the ambulance left in the snow through which it drove. It looked so beautiful and nice that for some time I forgot that I was a prisoner. Isn't Nature wonderful? We had smiles on our faces and we were all talking about these snow-covered roads and snow and the scenery when all of a sudden the sun broke through the clouds and the sunlight hitting the snowed trees and plants added an extra glamour to the beautiful view of the Murree Hills that we were passing through.

The captain stopped the ambulance for a while. When we wanted to get down from the ambulance, we discovered that our feet could not even move. Somehow or other we managed to get blood circulation going to our feet and managed to get down of the ambulance and enjoyed the snow while it was falling. We did not know or had rather forgotten that we were prisoners. The natural beauty was overwhelming. Then I heard the captain ordering us to get into the van and it started off again. After an hour or so we smelt the Murree Breweries. We passed the city of Murree, the Convent School and the shops on the main road, and towards the end of the city on the main road, we stopped and had a cup of tea again. It had snowed about three to four feet. The coolies were working, clearing the road for the motor transport. I saw the coolies who were very poorly dressed working on the roadside and on dangerous curves.

Then we started descending and got on to the main clean road free of snow. I got a little warmth since the sun was shining. We were still driving when I heard a lot of noise and looked on our left from inside the ambulance as to what we were leaving behind. I saw a river on our left. It was the Jhelum. That added an extra charm to the hills as there was no sun now. Some time later we arrived at Kohala and the ambulance stopped at the Dak Bungalow, by the riverside and Kohala bridge. Kohala is in the N.W.F.P. (Pakistan), while just the other side of the river was Kashmir (India). I was told that they would take us to Muzaffarabad via Domel, crossing the Kohala and Domel bridges. I was very anxious to put my step on our Indian soil, even if as Pakistan's prisoner. But I discovered that we would not be able to go that day or the next day or

even the day after, since the road was blocked with big rocks, ever since that area was bombed by R.I.A.F. planes. The rocks were so big that manpower could not remove them. So they had to use dynamite or T.N.T.

We stayed in the Kohala Dak Bungalow. Here our rooms had electric lights and also spring beds. I enjoyed staying here. The food was better and tea was available in plenty as the captain was extremely fond of it, either due to cold or otherwise. It was nice of him to offer us tea whenever he ordered it for himself. We ate the same food that he ordered for himself. He was nice to us and we appreciated this very much. In Kohala Dak Bungalow we wrote another letter to our homes on 13 March, 1948. Next day we were met by another officer of Azad Kashmir bearing A.K.F. labels, whom we had met in Rawalpindi. He was a nice young man who had given us books to read in Rawalpindi and was very sympathetic towards us.

This time, at his own expense, he brought us some books to read and chocolates to eat. He even ordered roast chicken at the Kohala Dak Bungalow which was Dick's first chicken after 3½ months. I did not eat it, being a vegetarian. But Dick enjoyed it very much and was very happy about it. This officer had become friendly to us and he even played cards with us. Just behind the Dak Bungalow was the Pakistan Signal Headquarters. We saw a lot of troop and ammunition movements too; they were feeding the Uri, Tethwal and Bagh sectors. But the traffic was disrupted by the R.I.A.F. bombing since it had created a road-block in Kohala. We were very happy about it, for our planes had bombed a very strategic position. I could see a lot of Pathans (Mahsud tribe) who were going to the front. They often came to see us and rejoiced at having seen some prisoners. We appeared like valuable exhibits to them.

They were so hot and bitter with Pakistan propaganda that they wanted to kill us. But our captain, the guard commander, was very clever and he took the Pathans aside and told them they would kill us a little after they had shown us around. So the simple Pathans moved away to their camps. The same evening we crossed the Kohala bridge and were on Indian soil of Kashmir. It was March 14, 1948.

We arrived at this spot where this road-block was and so our transport halted there, it was a huge rock weighing about 1,000 tons. So we were made to get down and ordered to walk over it to the other side. On the other side the road was clear. All transport coming and going to Pakistan was stopped at the road-block

and vice-versa. They carried gasoline from Pakistan and passed on ammunition and other food supplies on foot and crossed the road-block. The gasoline that was carried from Pakistan was used to fill up to tanks of the transport on the other side of the road-block to keep it going to the forward area. As such we crossed the road-block and got into one of the 3-ton trucks and started moving towards Muzaffarabad, via Domel. When we crossed Domel, we stayed there for a few hours in the Dak Bungalow where we were met by Commander Major Akram, a Pathan, who, I think, was from Baluch Regiment. He checked the papers with the guard commander and allowed us to go to Muzaffarabad. We proceeded to Muzaffarabad and were locked up in the sub-jail of Muzaffarabad.

Here our papers were handed over to the Camp Commander of the jail, one Lt. Ajib Ali, an ex-Jamadar of Baluch Regiment. Needless to say that it was extremely cold in Muzaffarabad since it had snowed in Uri, Murree and Abbotabad Hills, which surrounded Muzaffarabad. But we had nothing to eat till about 8 or 10 p.m. in the evening and nobody bothered about us. Major Akram, who came to see us with smiles on his face and in victorious mood, spoke to us with superior air. He was dressed up in a Salwar, a long shirt, Pathan chappals, regular army moustache and a felt hat, Parker 51 pen and lit his cigarette with a Ronson lighter. He spoke very good English and was very nice to us.

I forgot to mention that he was a very handsome young man with blue eyes and brown hair. He asked us how we were feeling and we answered him "Not too bad". So he knew that there was something wrong with us definitely. He, therefore, also enquired about our health and food rations. We answered him that we had nothing to eat or drink ever since we arrived, i.e., for nearly 24 hours. He, therefore, went to the Camp Commander and gave him a bit of his mind and the Camp Commander answered that he had no orders from the higher authorities concerned and so he did not give us any food. Anyway, a cup of tea was given to all of us. He then left promising to see us next morning. He said that he had issued orders to give us meals regularly and so on. He even offered us State Express cigarettes to smoke. We parted and he went away, leaving a good impression on us. Later on, at about dinner time, the Camp Commander sent us two 'chapatis' each, which were very badly burnt and about one ounce of Dal cooked with a lot of salt in it. Somehow or

other we ate whatever little we could since we were starving. The next day, i.e., 16 March, 1948, we got a black cup of tea in the morning without any milk in it and also a dirty little piece of Gur (brown sugar). The Commander came round at about 11 o'clock. We borrowed his pen and some paper and envelopes, and we wrote some letters home again. Here we were allowed by Major Akram to write our address as P.O.W. Camp, Muzaffarabad, Azad Kashmir, via Rawalpindi (Pakistan). We were happy about it that at least our people would know where we were. He asked us if we wanted anything else, and we asked for such facilities as newspapers or if we could listen to radio and if he could allow us to go for a walk for physical reasons and if he could provide us with a doctor. He promised everything and also fulfilled his promises.

In fact the same night he sent us a transport with regular Pakistan army guards who were dressed in woollen battle-dress and they took us away. We were taken to the Major's hide-out which was located in the destroyed District Courts of Muzaffarabad. The whole area seemed deserted and was in complete ruins. This hide-out was in one of the corners of a little wall and a side wall, and was covered with tin roof. The Major had a nice cot and a couple of good chairs and a regular army radio set and signal telephones. He had a Subedar (J.C.O.) also living with him. He got us seated which was very nice of him. He switched on Delhi. It was for the first time after our captivity that we listened to the All India Radio, Delhi, and Indian music.

He offered us tea and gave us dinner which was indeed very good. He tried to be social as best as he could, but all the time feeling superior. We did not mind it at all, since we had had a very rough treatment at the hands of uncivilised guards who were ex-convicts and criminals. Compared to them, Major Akram was a good man. He was well educated and well-bred. We listened to the Radio till 9 o'clock and the news of 9 o'clock in English from A.I.R. Delhi. And then we switched on to Radio Pakistan Urdu news bulletin. Soon after Radio Pakistan switched off the news, we turned to the A.I.R. for the B.B.C. relay. After that we stayed there till about 10.30 p.m. and he gave us a transport back to the jail. This time we felt very happy. This jail known as P.O.W. Camp for us and jail for others and as Belson Camp for many other Muslim patriots of India. The Muslims belonging to the National Conference Party that were captured in the forward areas and the other local Muslims belonging to the National Conference Party were brought into this jail and were being tortured to death by all kinds of

primitive methods.

Next morning Major Akram came and allotted a quarter to the three of us. Lt. Ajib, the Camp Commander, had also to stay in our room. We were provided with old cots. These old cots had plenty of bugs in them. So the lice over our bodies and in our blankets found their boy friends in the bugs in the cots. It could not be helped. It was an agony when these bugs received me with extreme cordiality since there was still some blood left in me. This room of ours was as black as hell. But it had two windows in it—one facing the main road and the other facing the inside of the jail. It had, therefore, the advantage that we could see the movements on the road. The weather had cleared and we had sunshine too.

We were very anxious to receive a reply to the letters we had written home. The radio news that we used to get every evening was very encouraging and the music that we used to get over A.I.R. was extremely entertaining and our morale boosted up. Since we started getting sunshine and fresh air and good climate being on the Indian soil (although in enemy hands), we started feeling better physically in spite of having hardly any flesh over our bones. Here at least we had a Major to talk to us and to make a complaint whenever the Camp Commander tried to be cruel or harsh to us.

He even arranged to give us washing soap for our rags and we did wash our rags. Then one day Major Akram provided us with hair oil and Lux toilet soap and an old safety razor with a packet of blades and shaving brush and we managed to borrow an old mirror from our Camp Commander. We cut our long beards with a scissors belonging to the Camp Commander and looking before and after the shave we were not able to recognize each other. Anyway, Dick and myself remembered the first day when he met me at the Jammu airfield, just before the fatal take-off. I said to Dick, "You look like a fellow who was my pilot whom I met at the Jammu airfield". Dick answered, "You ain't kidding," and said, "You too look like the kind of a fellow who was my passenger, a Photo-Correspondent". Dick started calling me Joe and I called him Dick again.

This gave us tremendous joy. Then again we made out some code words: Peter for Pathans and Mike for Muslims. This Peter and Mike were very helpful to us whenever we spoke to each other and sometimes we would hit across a fellow who did not understand English and sometimes we came across persons who knew English, in that case we would

use Peter and Mike and then curse him too.

The weather in Muzaffarabad cleared further. There was more of bright sun and I enjoyed it very much. We used to delouse ourselves. The Major arranged for a barber for our hair-cut once a month and a shave every fortnight if we wanted. So the three of us including Micheal had our first hair-cut after 4 months. Early in April, 1948 I received a telegram from one of my best friends who is more than blood brother to me. I was, therefore, extremely happy to know that my letter had reached my people. I was much worried about the welfare of my 60-year-old mother. This telegram gave me the welfare news of my mother stating that everything else was all right and that all my people were well.

I was overjoyed. But poor Dick and Michael who had also written to their people were much worried for they had not received any reply from their people. They were feeling very uncomfortable and unhappy.

My telegram also mentioned about sending me a parcel containing very badly needed woollen clothes, vitamin tablets, etc. But unfortunately the Indian Red Cross never sent me any parcel, not even a word of sympathy. I would ever curse them for not fulfilling their duties as the Indian Red Cross during one year and day of my captivity. Dick and myself and Michael used to curse them as much as we could. I was extremely disappointed when once my brother in Delhi wrote to me a very sad letter that he had not yet been able to send me a parcel through the Indian Red Cross, which could be the only link between us and India. Not only the Indian Red Cross did not send us anything on their own initiative, but when my brother went to the Director of the Indian Red Cross requesting them to forward the parcel to me, the Secretary-General, Sardar Balwant Singh Puri, with an air of authority in him, answered that the Red Cross was not a Post Office! My brother returned home shocked and sorrowful. The Indian Red Cross could have very easily forwarded the parcel to me but they neglected and failed to do their duty. The British and Pakistan Red Cross were working in the occupied Kashmir territory on the other side and they even advertised in the newspapers about it.

I was very much grieved to get that letter from my brother. I wish we had loyal men in our Red Cross. I gave up all hopes of receiving any aid from home. My brother and my friends were mailing me parcels through the Post Office, but they never reached me but were looted on the way from Lahore to Rawalpindi by the Pakistan

postal authorities. We were receiving letters very late. Sometimes it took two months for a letter to come from Delhi to Muzaffarabad. Once I got a letter mailed to me from San Francisco (U.S.A.) but that arrived in a week's time. Although New Delhi letters were also airmailed to me, I received them slower than a "bullock cart mail". The letters had even the Amritsar D.L.O. stamp on them and it is believed, according to the postal stamps, that they had hanged round the Amritsar D.L.O. for over a month. Of course, this was our efficient Indian postal system.

Major Akram who was a gentleman—although a raider fighting against India—was transferred to some other place and a new Major Anwar took over charge from him. Major Akram used to give us stories as to how they used to organize Pathans and tribesmen, bring them to fight the Jihad (holy war) from the Frontier and the tribal areas and how they used to put them into the battle. It was very interesting to know the other side of the story. I could see lots of Pathans walking by on the road along with other tribesmen. In general, the stories that Major Akram gave would fill a book by themselves. But I will leave them aside.

Major Anwar who also was a nice officer used to come to us in his spare time. He used to talk to us nicely and along with Major Anwar we met another young man known as Major Mustafa who was also a nice type. Major Mustafa was actually attached to Col. Khalid's Tethwal forces. But he was stationed in Muzaffarabad to arrange supplies for his forward base. He had ample time at his disposal and very little work to do. The snow had stopped falling although I could still see snow on the high mountain peaks. It was very pleasant. The days were bright and the sun shone nicely. The snow-covered mountain peaks used to look like Hallmark silver mountains. They looked very beautiful against the blue sky and the puffs of clouds here and there were nature's glory.

This Major Mustafa used to visit us regularly in the jail though at odd hours, either early morning or evening to collect supplies of food, ammunition and other things from the Jail. This Jail was a big ammunition dump and a big supply depot. It was located by the side of the Kishen Ganga bridge in a beautiful spot. The supplies to Tethwal were generally sent with coolies (local people who were never paid). They were forcibly made to work. They had to do the dirty job for the Pak raiders. The locals were threatened with death if they refused to work. In fact, many were shot to serve as a warning for the rest. These

coolies included children of 10 and 12 years of age and old men. The ammunition and food was sent under armed escort. It was very difficult to climb the hills with a box of ammunition for these young children and old men. As a matter of fact, a few coolies, boys and old men, used to get killed on each trip when they slipped or fell down in the river while climbing the steep at that dangerous height of 7,000 to 11,000 feet. But that was the law in occupied Kashmir.

Poor locals were many times very badly beaten and whipped by the raiders enlisted in the Azad Kashmir Police. They were brought to the jail in the evening and locked up and we could see them trembling with fear. They were not fed on anything at all during the night and were made to march early morning at 4 o'clock starving and carrying ammunition and food supplies. When these coolies were sent out to carry supplies to Tethwal, their women were used by the Azad Kashmir soldiers and police. The coolies had to provide their own food or else they had to starve and die. Major Mustafa was a nice person but had to carry out the orders of his superior officers, no matter how. Major Mustafa used to come and chat with us for hours and that is how we used to pass our day. I was beginning to feel better, day after day.

On April 24 Dick and myself received a parcel each from Air Vice Marshal Mukherjee of the R.I.A.F. He sent these parcels by SPECIAL DESPATCH SERVICE through the Commander-in-Chief of Pakistan who forwarded the same to us. We were extremely happy and overjoyed and our morale went up sky high. In this parcel we got everything that we needed very badly. So we appreciated this all the more. I being a civilian was extremely grateful to Air Vice Marshal Mukherjee for his kind thought about me. I shall never forget his kindness.

During that week I met another raider officer known as Major Mahmud. He came with his deputy, a lieutenant. This Major Mahmud was a Pathan, belonging to the Regular Pak Army, Sappers and Miners, loaned to the Azad Forces. Most of these officers that met us from Rawalpindi Headquarters up to Muzaffarabad belonged to the regular Pakistan Army and were loaned to the Azad Kashmir Forces as commanders. Actually these officers had also brought full units of their respective battalions with them. Since the Indian Army had started mining in the Uri Sector, this Major Mahmud was called in with his unit of Sappers and Miners. Major Mahmud was very much anti-Indian

Sikh but he was a gay and sporting type. He was completely informal in his behaviour although I did not forget that I was a prisoner.

One day he brought a box camera and took some snaps of us and gave us a copy each. The pictures were rather amateurish judged by professional standards, but they were good enough to be sent home. I wrote a letter to my mother telling her that these were the proofs that I was alive and still intact, that she could see. I had gone very slim, and my loose shirts and baggy trouser were ample proof of my being a skeleton. Major Mahmud belonged to the old Indian Army (undivided) and had lived in India at various places, he used to talk about the social life in India and about his girl friends in various cities. Once I told a lie that I used to go out with the same girl as he did, whereas he was under the impression that he was the only man going out with her. Ever since this discovery, I had a big joke on him. He was very cautious thereafter in mentioning the names of his girl friends. He used to bring now and then tinned provisions from the canteen. He used to sketch also. One day I sketched him and he sketched me. Of course, my sketch was better, but his was quite good too. I sent my sketch to "Blitz" in Bombay with a brief story of our life as prisoners.

During his visits, Major Mahmud, besides chatting and joking with us, used to demoralise us by telling us of Pakistan's Fifth Column in India. He used to tell us about Hyderabad, the ferocious and barbarous Pathans and tribesmen, the enormous fighting strength of Pakistan plus the rest of the Muslim world. We always flattered him by telling him that he was right and that India was in fact very weak. He used to talk about the Pakistan flag on the Red Fort in Delhi and that it could be hoisted there any day they wanted.

Then he would talk about killing, loot, arson and abduction by the tribesmen while they attacked India. So we would tell him that he should take us to Delhi when he would go there. He used to feel happy and would feel puffed up. We would chat with him and he used to ask us to join the raiders and that we would get high ranks in the Azad Forces. He offered Dick the rank of a Group Captain since the Azad Government was building up the air force. Dick always answered him in polite language and told him that he would rather suffer and die in the prison camp than to be disloyal to India or break his oath. I used to tell him that I being a civilian did not at all believe in fighting and that the raiders or the Azad Government should respect the Geneva Convention and should release me. To this Major

Mahmud gave no answer but offered us very good treatment, land, house and various other facilities in Pakistan if we worked for the raiders of Azad Kashmir. Our answer was always a 'No' with a capital 'N'.

Major Mahmud would often come to us at odd hours. He would wake us up in the middle of night when we were half asleep and start telling us stories of the frontline, what the Indian Army did and what the Pakistan Army did. Of course, he said that the Indian Army men were clever 'bastards' but the raiders were bigger 'bastards'. He was very deft at rough language. But to us anything was welcome. Any visitor of any sort was a boon since we were in complete isolation. As such Major Mahmud was a great company since he was so informal with us. One day Major Mahmud came to us with some regular Pakistani officers. Of course, they were very careful about removing their shoulder badges before they came to us. One of them asked me to join the Pakistan Army Public Relations Directorate with the rank of Major and offered Dick the rank of Wing Commander. They said that they would use me to do propaganda against India. We both refused their offers point blank. Listening to the negative answer they went away abusing and cursing us and renewed their threat to kill us. We just replied that we were ready to meet the consequences but will not work for Pakistan or the raiders or so-called Azad Kashmir.

CHAPTER IX

After our arrival in Muzaffarabad on the morning of April 7, 1948, all of a sudden, I heard the drone of planes. The drone of the approaching aircraft became louder and then I heard whistles of a speedily diving Tempest and immediately a steady whistle and a bomb came down. It was followed by two terrific explosions and then a lot of dust, stones and sharpnels were flying in the air. We all took cover under our cots. Big stones were falling on the tin roof of our rooms. I could see nothing but dust and stones around. A part of the ceiling of our room had also fallen over us. I could still hear the planes overhead. And a little later I heard two more explosions at a distance from us and could infer that the Domel bridge was bombed by the R.I.A.F. We got out of our cell dusting ourselves when all of a sudden we again heard the drone of the plane and diving Tempests and heard rockets exploding and 20 M.M. guns of the Tempest strafing. While all this bombing commotion was going on, the diving Tempest flew right over-head at tree-top level and strafed the jail. Our condition was as that of our guards but we had no fear of death, while our guards were mortified with fear. During the course of strafing and after the first bomb explosion, I saw our guards faces pale like the shadow of death itself. That was the first air-raid while we were in Muzaffarabad. The raiders were demoralized.

During the month of April, the R.I.A.F. was fairly active. They used to fly several sorties a day over Muzaffarabad, Uri and Tethwal areas. Now and then R.I.A.F. Tempest fighter-bombers used to come and bomb the Kishen Ganga bridge and later they used to come very low and strafe the enemy targets. Their attacks were very successful as they used to kill and wound many by strafing and cause many casualties by bombing. The stones and sharpnels used to be in the air for several minutes and did lot of damage and injury to the raiders. Strafing was even more demoralising than bombing. The sound of the 20 M.M. guns that were fitted in the Tempest aircraft

was so frightful as to fill the heart of every raider with fear of death. Even our own guards in the jail used to tremble with fear of death from the sound of the 20 M.M. guns for each bullet carried the death message to the raiders and the death announcing whistle of the diving Tempest together with the roar of the engine. In the first few days of the offensive by our Air Force, our guards used to run trembling with fear and take shelter behind us finding it safe for them for inexplicable reasons. All of them being Muslims used to recite their 'Kalma' (La-illah-L'Lillah Mohammad Rasool Allah). This 'Kalma' is a sort of the last prayer before the death. In one case Dick and myself missed by half a foot red hot sharpnels that flashed from the bridge area after the bomb explosion during the raid. In another case I missed one of our 20 M.M. bullets just by a few inches. No regular trenches were provided for us. We, as well as the Pakistan raiders, were entirely at the mercy of the R.I.A.F. planes. The roof of our room started crumbling after every bombing explosion. The raiders were mighty afraid of surprise attacks by the Indian planes in spite of their air-raid alarm system.

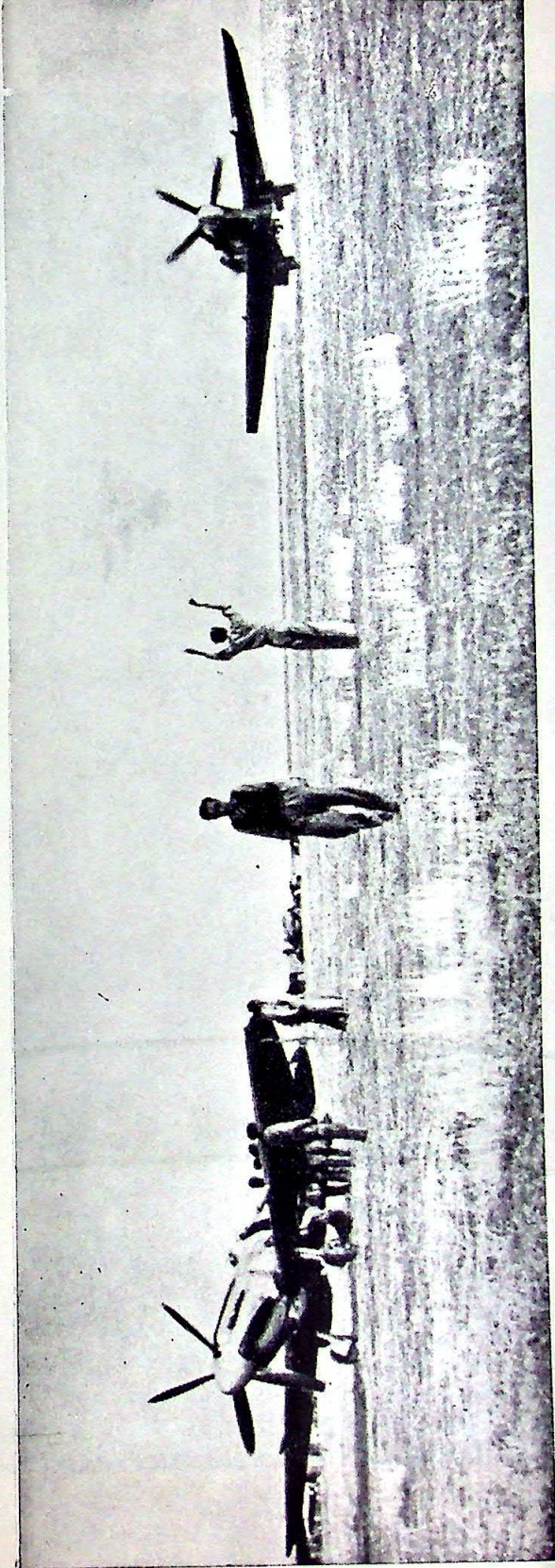
Some of the raiders used to leave their rifles and ammunition and run for shelter in our room thinking that the Indian planes will not bomb or strafe us since we were Indians. According to our knowledge the R.I.A.F. did not know the exact place where we were kept in Muzaffarabad. Since we wrote our address as P.O.W. Camp, and not as Muzaffarabad jail, we did not expect the R.I.A.F. to know where we were. Air Force being the first line of defence that carries the war right into the heart of the enemy territory, the raiders were getting very much demoralized and were cursing Pakistan for not using Pakistan Air Force against India in Kashmir, although Pakistan was sending full military aid to the raiders in Kashmir. It often occurred to us that we might be killed by Indian bullets but we were never sorry over this prospect. Sometimes our planes used to wake us up just after daylight. And the raiders used to curse the Indian pilots to their hearts' content.

The raiders' air alarm and security system. They had telephones set up by Pakistan Army Signals at the top of all important hill features and all along the front-line and they were all inter-connected with the base in Muzaffarabad—the telephones near the Kishen Ganga and Domel bridges. The alarm sentry at the bridge on hearing the telephone bell from front-line would blow his whistle and everyone would take cover under the trees or would lie down wherever he could under

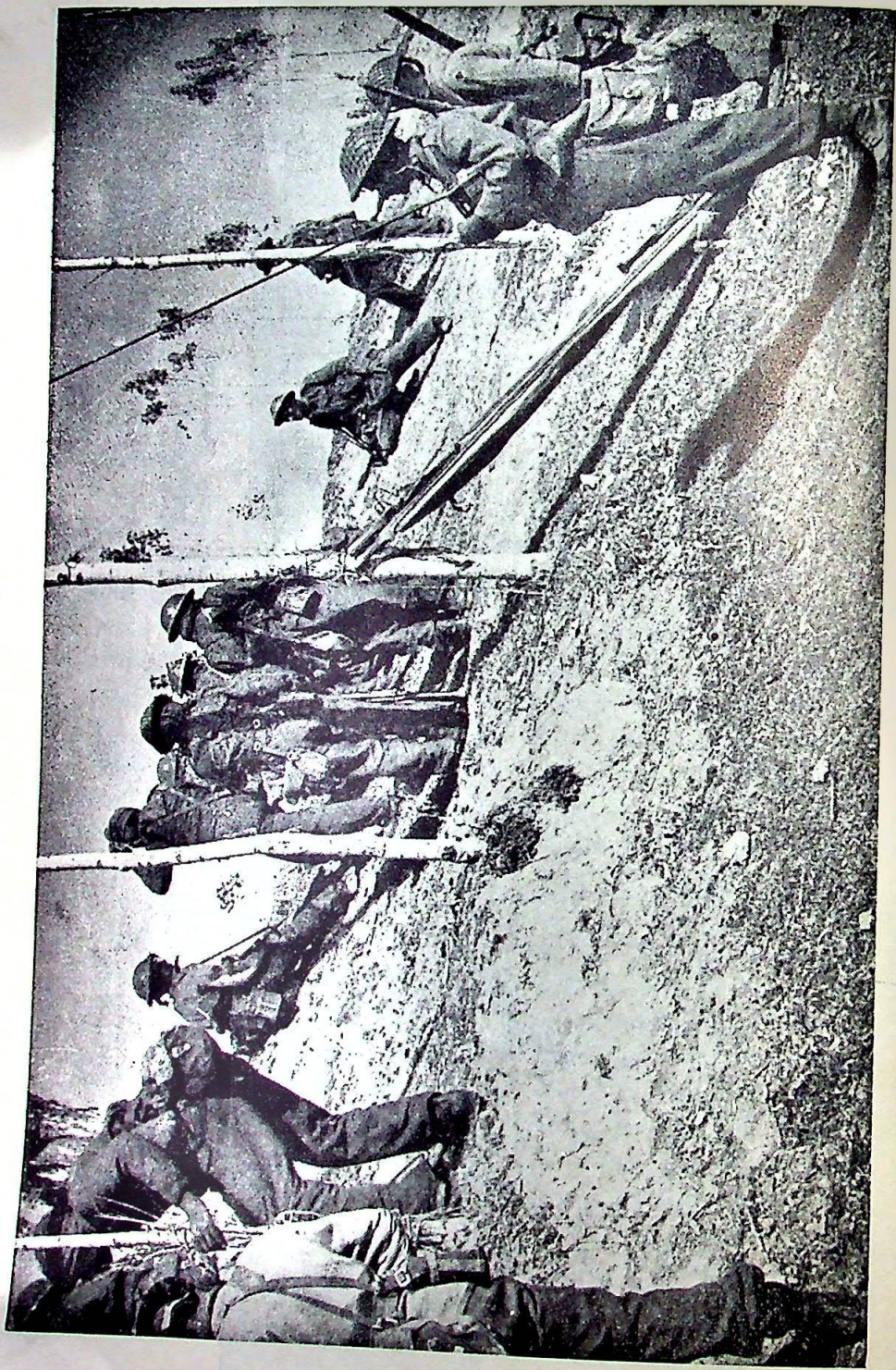
the bushes or would sit in between the bushes. All bridges had sentry posts at both ends and anybody crossing the bridge was checked up and searched if suspected. Even poor villagers carrying milk to the town were searched. Their milk was looted by the sentries or they had to forego a certain portion of their milk in order to cross the bridge. The Kishen Ganga bridge was one of the most difficult targets for bombing, since it had high hills on both sides and one cannot easily bomb breadthwise but the planes had to fly along the river and dive bomb breadthwise which was a very thin line and difficult target for high altitude bombing. Several sentry posts were wiped out by our bombs on both sides of the bridge and one could not even find a bone of these sentries where they had disappeared. Whenever our planes changed their course to come to Muzaffarabad the air-raid system failed to work. The whistle was blown when the planes were actually overhead.

I had developed a great hearing sense to distinguish the drone of a plane from a distance while there were lots of other noises of the Kishen Ganga river and the Pakistan Army transport trucks and jeeps and motor cars on the Domel-Muzaffarabad-Abbotabad road. Many times we would run and take shelter in the safest corners of our rooms as soon as we heard the drone of a plane. And on our running for shelter our guards around used to blow up their whistle and then the air-raid alarm sentry would blow his whistle. Now and then small stones hit us; we were getting used to regular bombing and strafing. In one case one of our planes flew at a very low level just overhead and that sounded very cruel to the raiders. I really used to enjoy the sight of Indian planes strafing the raiders. The raiders were now wanting to cross the frontier and join the other side, INDIA. I enjoyed it very much for India had made the raiders hate and curse Pakistan. During these days the Indian Army had pushed very gallantly and had made an advance up to the outskirts of Tethwal. The Indian Army had caused a lot of casualties which were really discouraging the raiders. Sometimes we would run just for fun and take shelter and enjoy the panic it caused in the raiders lines.

Then came a new Area Commander known as Brigadier Kamal, a regular Pakistan Army Colonel, but attached to the raiders as brigadier commanding the Uri and Tethwal sectors. He established his H.Q. in the Domel Dak Bungalow. Brigadier Kamal reorganized the Uri and Tethwal fronts and put in a few thousands Mahsud Pathans on each



R.I.A.F. Tempest Fighter Bombers at the Srinagar airstripe. It was these planes that kept the raiders away from occupying the airfield.



Indian Army in action in Kashmir.

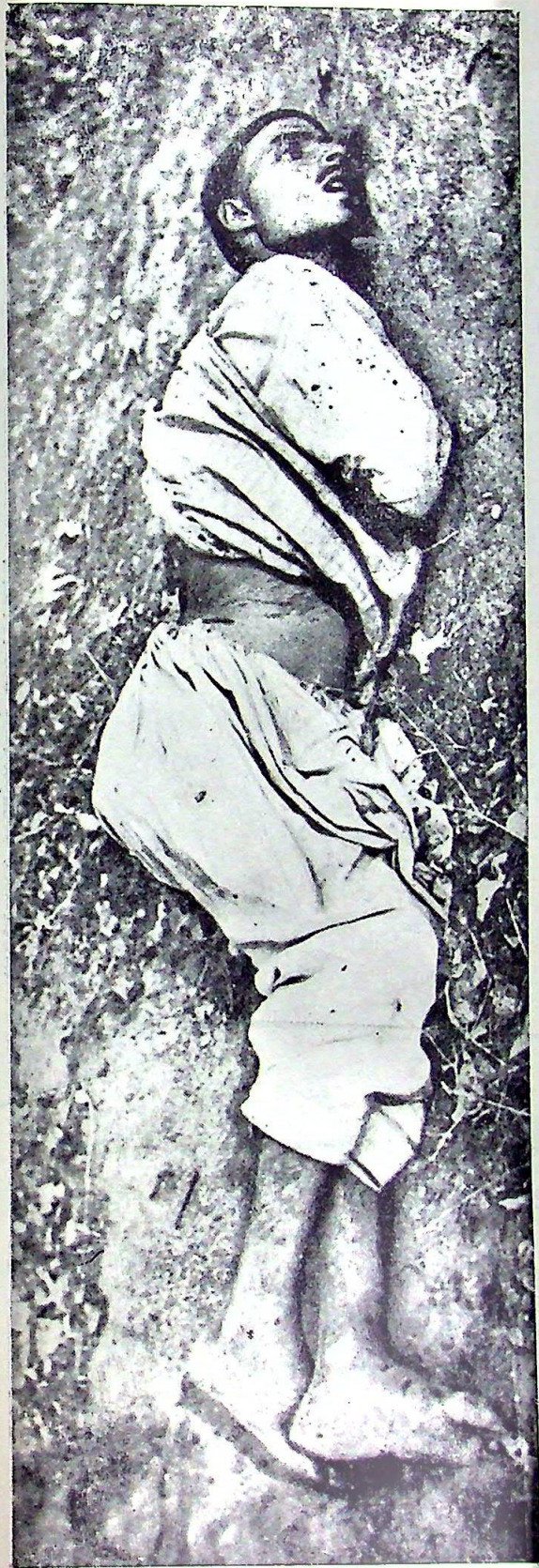


Just when the raiders were approaching Srinagar, all Kashmiri's (regardless of religion) were volunteering to defend their motherland. They were forming into a Militia.



These pic. show young Kashmiri's who took up arms and volunteered to go to the front line, to defend Kashmir against the Pakistani raiders.

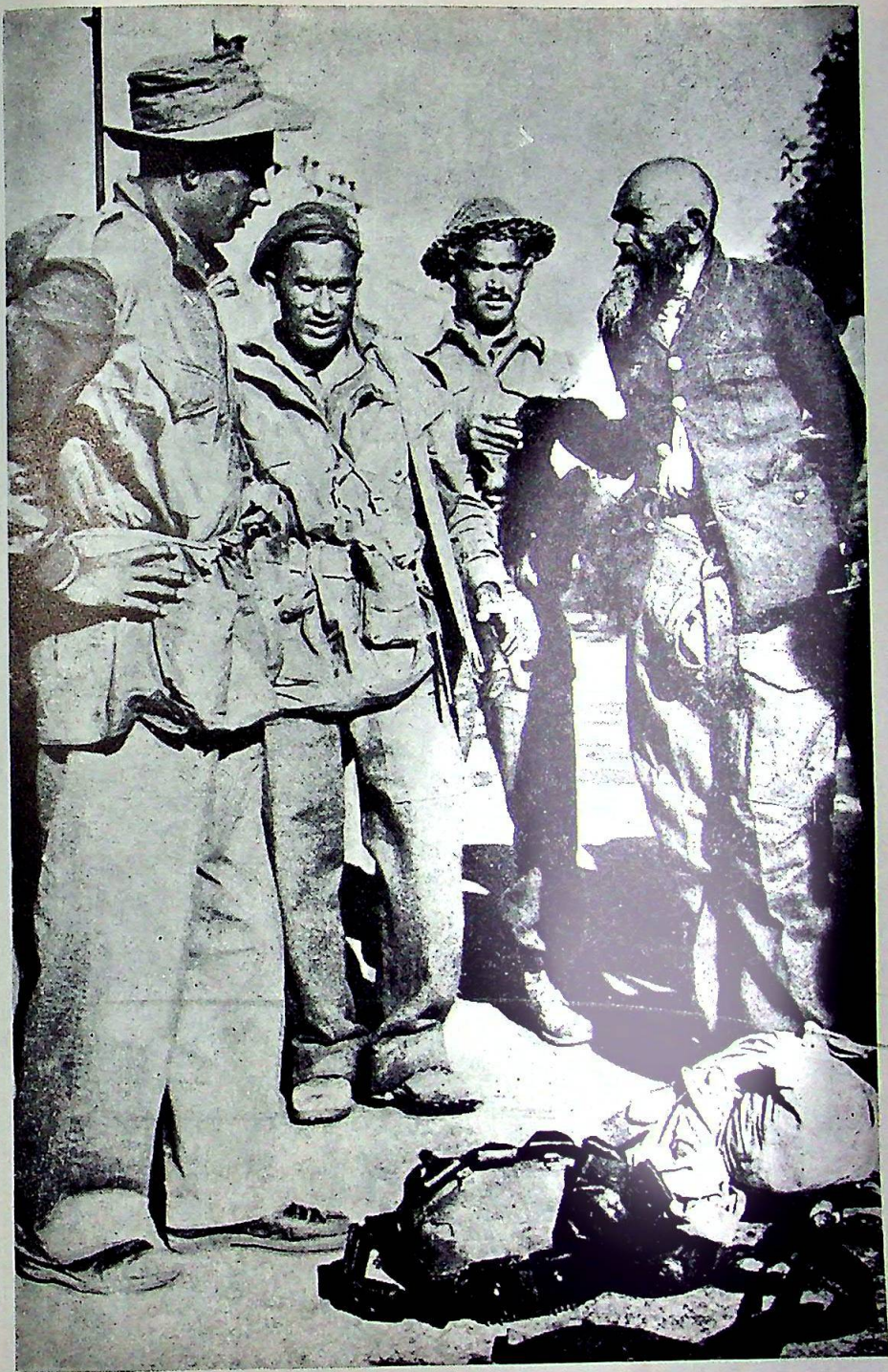




Raiders knives stabbed this young Kashmiri peasant to death, to introduce the New Order in the occupied areas by Pakistani raiders.



Innocent Kashmiri peasant woman found burnt alive in Shaltang village 7 miles west of Srinagar, which was occupied by the raiders.



A Pathan captured with all his loot and several clothing and other valuables like gold and silver ornaments. He was captured in Baramula after liberation.



All kinds of arms captured from the raiders by the liberation army of India.



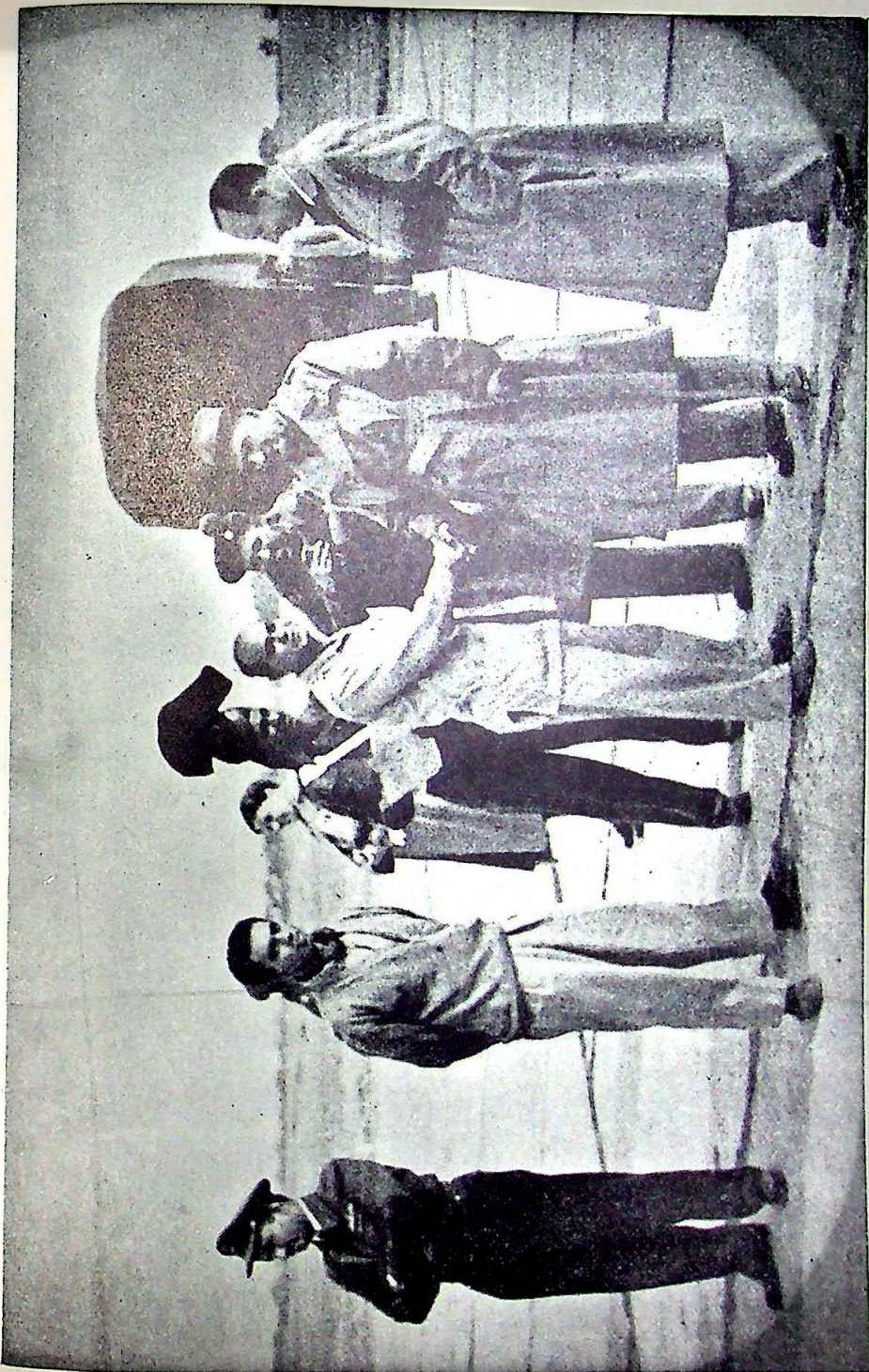
P. N. Sharma with a beard and moustache in Muzaffarabad jail.



Left—Michael D' Souza, P. N. Sharma and F/O D' Cruze as prisoners in Muzaffarabad jail.



Left—P. N. Sharma and Michael D' Souza with Dr. Otto Wenger (Centre) of the International Red Cross, who met them in Muzaffarabad jail.



Liberation of P. N. Sharma. Here the pic. shows—P. N. Sharma being exchanged for Brig. Rahmatulla of Pakistan, at Chaklala airfield, Rawalpindi. Standing around him are F/O D' Cruze R.I.A.F., Dr. Otto Wenger of the International Red Cross, Senior Military and Air Force Officers of Pakistan.



Liberation of P. N. Sharma, F/O D' Cruze and Michael D'Souza—others in the Picture—Dr. Otto Wenger (International Red Cross) Indian Air Force Crew (that brought them home) and from Pakistan Air Force—Asghar Khan, Group Capt., Major Aslam, and other Pakistan Military Intelligence officers. In the background is the Indian Air Force Dakota.

sector. He organized the supply system and brought in two assistants known as Captain Dr. Aslam and one regular Pakistan Army Jamadar, Fazal Elahi, from the R.P.A.S.C. Kamal together with his two assistants organized the supply system to Tethwal and the Pakistan engineers also started building up a jeepable track up to Panchgram. Panchgram is half way between Muzaffarabad and Tethwal. The Indian Army was putting heavy pressure and trying to capture Tethwal. Our planes were regularly bombing Muzaffarabad and Domel and Garhi-Habib-Ullah on the Muzaffarabad-Abbotabad road. Muzaffarabad-Abbotabad road and all other roads were so much bombed that the communications and traffic were disrupted. Muzaffarabad was first fed with ammunition and food supplies from Rawalpindi via Kohala and later on when Brigadier Kamal took over, they started feeding Muzaffarabad from Abbotabad Headquarters of the 9th Division Pakistan Army.

Col. Khalid's Tethwal forces were getting a big beating from the Indian Army and his forces suffered heavy casualties. The many wounded that came to Muzaffarabad and stayed in the jail often told pathetic tales to our guards of how the Indian Army gave them a beating and they ran short of supplies. Even Col. Khalid came back on horseback to meet Brig. Kamal. He stayed in the jail. This jail was not the direct target of the Indian Air Force. It was the bridge on the Kishen Ganga that was their target. Anyhow, it is sure that the Indian airmen knew that this jail located by the bridge must be having some prisoners of some kind or other. This jail was as previously mentioned also a very big ammunition dump and a supplies depot. Major Mustafa used to send supplies through coolies. Ever since Fazal Elahi of the R.P.A.S.C. took over the supplies; he started sending supplies regularly with as many coolies as they could get hold of and as many mules and donkeys as they could round up. Whenever they ran short of coolies they started catching hold of the people of Muzaffarabad and the neighbouring villages and would send the supplies on their backs to the frontlines to feed the raiders. They all used to look towards us and would curse the Pakistanis for their brutalities when they were taken inside the jail for being whipped. A few would even whisper to us that in case of a referendum they were willing to vote for India.

From 2 o'clock in the morning the coolies, mules and donkeys would collect at the jail and load the urgently needed ammunition and food supplies, grenades and mortar bombs. Batch after batch would

leave for the frontline before dawn. The mules and the donkeys, not used to carry things like ammunition and mortar bombs before, would often run and yell and prove a big nuisance to the raiders. Some raiders would lose their temper with donkeys and would almost beat them to death. Our guards who used to escort the supplies to the front would tell us on their return of the supplies lost during transit—of the mules and donkeys and coolies falling down during the hard climb. Many of the escorting raiders fell into the Kishen Ganga river and killed themselves during their steep climb. They would further tell us how Indian planes used to come for their kill early in the morning and strafe the raider convoys. As such the supplies that reached the raiders in the frontline were very little. Brig. Kamal was in great difficulty. The Pathans suffered greatly for lack of supplies. They went in batches of a thousand 'or five hundred and then after a fortnight or so were replaced by new contingents. The few who returned used to carry three or four rifles—a reminder of those who had died. Most of them returned wounded and carrying other wounded and seriously injured soldiers.

They would narrate tales of horror. The Indians were using 25 Pounders with the result that new batches of Pathans refused to go to the front. Of those who went many returned without fighting. As a matter of fact, Brig. Kamal had to fight regular battles a couple of times with these Pathans who were fully armed with automatic weapons which were given to them before going to the front by Brig. Kamal himself. The Pathans were so much frightened by the Indian planes and artillery that they called our planes "Khuda Ka Bachha" (Son of God). These planes were the only thing that put the fear of death into these dare-devil and foolish Pathans. The air power of India played a very big role in the Kashmir fighting, in demoralising the Pathans and the Pakistani raiders and in breaking up their positions.

Of course, the raiders always reported in the "Pakistan Times" that they had not suffered any casualties whatsoever. Any raider or Pathan who was killed in this so-called holy battle was called "Shaheed" (martyr). Brig. Kamal who used to come to the jail very often at irregular and odd hours of the day and night to supervise the supplies, always dropped in our room to say hello. Whenever he found time, he stayed on for a chat. He had become quite friendly with us. He was a gentleman, a very honest soldier and

an extraordinarily hardworking man. He used to give us stories of the frontline, latest battle reports and about the number of casualties of raiders and Indian Army. Of course, he would often brag too much about the qualities and strength of Pakistan, but we used to give him allowance for line shooting. Many times he would sit with us for hours and draw the maps of the front and would tell us about the plans of his attack. He would also tell us about the battalions the Indian Army had brought in. They had a regular Pakistani Army Signals Decipher for tapping the messages.

One night I heard a lot of firing in Muzaffarabad. It was a dark night. I heard rifle shots, grenade explosions and Sten-gun fire, and could see some fireworks. We wondered what it was all about. As the firing subsided after some time, I heard a lot of shouts of "Allah-Hoo-Akbar". The crowd was also shouting many other slogans. Most of our guards went away to see the fun. We asked those who were left as to what was it all about. They told us that Sardar Ibrahim, President of the Azad Kashmir, had just arrived. An hour later, when Dick and I were talking, a crowd carrying gaslights started approaching the jail. As the crowd drew nearer our dark room grew more and more lighted. Soon the crowd entered the jail and we were told that Sardar Ibrahim, Pakistan's puppet, President of Azad Kashmir, (occupied Kashmir) was coming to see us.

We were quite happy to get some visitors and always wanted to see new faces. First one gaslight was brought into our room by an armed sentry. Then came a young handsome man (looked sissy), followed by Brig. Kamal, whom we had met about a week ago, followed by the S.P. (Superintendent of Police) of the Azad Kashmir and other armed guards with Sten-guns and rifles; a few of them were Pathans, the others were Punjabis. While Sardar Ibrahim was talking to us we were told by the S.P. that we were talking to the President of Azad Kashmir Government, i.e., Sardar Ibrahim. So we told him "Very pleased to meet you, Mr. President". As we shook hands, I told Sardar Ibrahim: "Since you call yourself the President of a Government, you should behave and act as one. Do not be cruel to civilians and press people".

He got into a temper and asked me what I was talking about. I replied: "You have no right to imprison Press representatives as it is against the Geneva Convention. Even on humanitarian basis you are wrong in keeping me, a Photo-correspondent, who is a

civilian, in jail as prisoner of war". I also told him that I should be released immediately and sent home. After a lot of argument Sardar Ibrahim agreed to consider my case. But, he said, Dick could go only when the war ended. Dick did not have much to say but I asked him for facilities like clothing and medical aid which were promised to us, but never given. Sardar Ibrahim finally said that if the Government of India approached him regarding my release he would let me off immediately. But I told him that the Indian Government did not recognize the Azad Kashmir Government at all and as such I had no hope that the Government of India will negotiate with them. But that did not mean that humanity should suffer. I told him that since we had lived in Pakistan as prisoners before coming to Muzaffarabad, naturally we should be handed over to the C-in-C, Pakistan who could hand us over to the Indian High Commissioner in Lahore; since he was in liaison with Pakistan he could do so. We did not directly tell him that Azad Kashmir or Pakistan was one and the same thing and that Pakistan was fighting India under a different label. He refused my request but said he would consider it at his Cabinet meeting. He left after shaking hands with us and expressing the hope that I would be released and might go home. We had lost everything except hope.

CHAPTER X

On May 2, 1948, about 9 or 10 p.m. in the night, I saw a gas-lamp again approaching towards the jail. The gaslight soon filled our room through the window; guards stood by with guns and rifles; and I saw some Azad officers and one European. The officers and this European came into our room. They asked us who Sharma was and I introduced myself; so did Dick. This European, who was wearing an International Red Cross band on his arm, introduced himself as Dr. Wenger, special delegate of the International Red Cross, Geneva. He brought a parcel for me and on receiving it I was extremely excited and was very happy. Dr. Wenger was a very charming person and he spoke to us like an old friend who had come out to help us. As a matter of fact he looked to us as if "Father Christmas" had come with all the toys and gifts for the children on Christmas Eve. The parcel was immediately opened by the Azad officers for censoring and so was the letter. While I was anxiously enquiring about the welfare of my mother and my people at home, whom he had met in Delhi before coming to Muzaffarabad, I saw the Azad officers going through the contents of the parcel. The parcel contained the much-needed and long-denied vitamin tablets, medicines, soap, shaving equipment, tinned food, cheese, butter, biscuits and chewing gum. I saw the Azad officers opening the chewing gum packet and then breaking the chewing gum to see what was inside. It appeared they had never heard of or seen chewing gum before. The parcel also included a Chess set and a packet of playing cards, etc. So now with the contents of this parcel we were in a position to pass our time, and the medicines sent in the parcel were of great help; Vitamin tablets were the most vital need.

Dr. Wenger chatted with us for an hour and promised Dick that he would go and meet his wife in India and tell her about his welfare. He left us with a tin of the famous British State Express cigarettes; Dick was very happy about it. Then he asked us if we needed any money; we told him we would welcome it very much provided the Azad people

allowed us to use our money. The Azad people agreed to it and Dr. Wenger gave us a hundred rupees in cash—Rs. 50 for each of us. We felt like millionaires that night. Dr. Wenger promised to get me released since I was a Photo-correspondent and referred to the Geneva Convention. He created a new hope in me and I was almost bursting with happiness. We introduced Michael to Dr. Wenger; poor Michael, who was a married young man, had not heard from his wife for full five months. Dr. Wenger promised to write to his wife to tell her that he was all right. Dr. Wenger gave Michael another 20 rupees to meet his requirements. Dr. Wenger left us extremely happy. I felt as if a very dear and sincere friend was leaving us. That whole night none of us slept as we were talking about Dr. Wenger, the home and the future. I shared my parcel with Dick and Michael, we three finished a tin of cheese that night and the next morning we finished another tin of butter and ate a whole tin of biscuits. We liked everything so much, since we were starved and cheese biscuits and cream had become a dream. The day after we started feeling miserly since the little parcel was being consumed so fast. I started rationing the contents of this parcel; only chewing gum and a biscuit per day for each of us. The parcel also contained sugar cubes; we saw sugar for the first time after our captivity. The sugar tasted much different and far too civilised for our taste, since we were getting accustomed to gur (jaggery).

We started purchasing some milk, eggs and other badly needed eatables with the money that Dr. Wenger gave us and every time we spent the money we thought of the International Red Cross and how helpful the International Red Cross had been to us in our distress. Dick purchased a few chickens as they were very cheap, costing one rupee to one rupee and eight annas each. The chickens started laying eggs and so we stopped purchasing eggs from outside. We both put in nine rupees together and bought half a dozen chickens and started consuming the eggs that were laid. It was a funny sight in our room to see chickens laying eggs, roughly about the same time of the day, some on our cots and some under our cots, and we used to have a lot of fun watching the process. They gave us not only eggs but also a lot of entertainment. Of course, we shared our food with Michael.

We had now started receiving letters from our homes and friends, but not so regularly. Once I received a letter from a girl friend of mine who lived in San Francisco. It arrived in a week's time whereas a letter from New Delhi took two months to arrive, being delayed at the

Amritsar, Lahore and Rawalpindi D.L.Os. Once a friend sent me a valuable parcel containing badly needed food, vitamin tablets, soap and other things. It had arrived in Pakistan but was never delivered to me. My brother and other friends in India had also sent parcels through post which were looted in Pakistan either by the Postal Department or by the Azad Headquarters in Rawalpindi. Of course, the Indian Red Cross never sent us a cigarette or a word of sympathy. We started consuming our money fast and the pyjama and shirt, which were very kindly given to us by the Azad Headquarters in Gujrat just when we were being transferred to Muzaffarabad via Rawalpindi, had started wearing out. Since we had no change we had to wear the same 24 hours and every day. Of course, our great friends the bugs and their girl friends, the lice, did not leave us alone and kept our company in hard days. Soon the money was exhausted and life became harder again. Dick had eaten most of the chickens, leaving two. So we could share an egg each; later these two chickens started hatching eggs.

The raiders offensive under the famous, tall and broad-chested Brig. Kamal, veteran of many campaigns of the Azad Forces, was going strong. As a matter of fact, Kamal was the hero of the Uri sector in Azad Kashmir. For several months Kamal's raiding parties had been gnawing into the morale of the Indian Army. They had shaken its faith in tanks, aircraft and rockets. After crossing high mountain ranges, these raiders had attacked strong points inflicting heavy casualties and destroying valuable fighting equipment of the Indian Army. Early in the previous month a small force attacked Rampur, Naushera and Mahura on the Uri-Baramula road within the Indian lines. In the attack which lasted more than 15 days, 35 military vehicles were damaged, the town's electric system was crippled, two aircraft were reported to have been shot down and several people killed. Consequently, there was a great deal of panic. Hardly had the hard-hit Indian Army recovered from the shock of Mahura when another raiding party swooped down from Maidana and Bunyar, strong points on the other side of the Uri-Baramula road. In the fighting at Bunyar, Major Menon, M.C., and ten others were killed. At Maidana the Police Station was captured and policemen were taken prisoners.

Brig. Kamal, who bragged about capturing Srinagar in a month's time and told us that he had encircled the Uri Brigade, disappeared for 15 days and showed up one midnight, telling us that he had just returned from the front. I asked him about the latest situation.

He said that, at first, they had encircled the Uri Brigade but the clever soldiers of the Indian Army had crossed the river by ropes and had encircled the raiders. Now there was no way out for his men. He said that he had signalled them back that if they could find their way out, they should come along and give the Indians a battle wherever they could or else die, become prisoners or return home. He could not help. Of course, Brig. Kamal agreed to tell us the truth that he had risked these two thousand men. If his bluff had come through he would have definitely captured the Uri Brigade, advanced to Baramula and attacked Srinagar. As it was, he had only succeeded in getting his men massacred by the Indian Army. The Indians, on the other hand, were organizing and bringing in lot of troops and equipment. They were making plans for an all-out offensive.

One fine afternoon during the middle of May one European and one Pakistani, just in pants and shirts, walked into the jail. The guards got into attention and saluted them. The first thing they asked was "Where is Sharma?" The guards brought them to me. I introduced myself, so did Dick and we all shook hands. Then this European introduced himself as Mr. Henley of "This Modern Age" and the Pakistani introduced himself as Wares-Ishaq of "Civil and Military Gazette", Lahore (Pakistan). Wares-Ishaq claimed to have met me before although I had forgotten him. They both interviewed us and got our story. As a matter of fact, these two fellows got our first story. They were very nice to us and sympathised with us as a man to man, not as a prisoner to a free man.

Wares-Ishaq promised to write about my difficulties in his paper and sincerely assured me of help in my repatriation on the basis of the Geneva Convention and Freedom of Press. He asked me if I had anything to read or anything to do. Of course, I replied in the negative. I told him about the air raids by the R.I.A.F. and we being the direct target. I also told him that India should be informed about our location and that we should be removed to a proper camp and not kept near the bridge and in a jail which was a concentration camp. While I was talking to him I was scratching abstractedly and Wares-Ishaq asked me "What is wrong?" I smiled and said "lice" and told him that I had become very friendly with lice and did not mind them so much now. Of course, he saw our torn pyjamas and shirts. He felt very sympathetic towards me and gave me a book. It was "Your Deal My Lovely" by Peter Cheney. He also asked me if

I needed any money. I told him we were short of it and would welcome any. He loaned me ten rupees; of course, I told him that it is a loan which I would return after I was free. He laughed. We spoke of common friends in India and undivided India and of Mr. Jinnah whom I had known in India and had interviewed and photographed several times.

They both chatted with us for nearly two hours; then they said good-bye. I was extremely happy to have met these two young fellows who were very nice to us. Peter Cheney's book was very interesting and I finished reading it the same evening and ever since I got fond of Peter Cheney. For a few days we talked about Wares-Ishaq and Mr. Henley; jokes from Peter Cheney's book came in very handy in passing our time.

In this jail, ever since our arrival, we were only five prisoners, including the two civilian Dogras who were transported in the same bus from the Azad Headquarters in Rawalpindi to Muzaffarabad. Gradually the number of these innocent civilian prisoners began to increase. There were about eight or nine Dogras, who were actually farmers captured in the Jammu area and were fortunate to have lived while thousands were killed by the advancing raiders. They were forced to accept Islam. These Dogras, who were completely broken, were made to do hard labour all day and night. While they were doing hard labour they were kicked, booted and hit with rifle butts. They were made to carry heavy ammunition and grenades and boxes of mortar bombs and heavy bags of foodstuff, which was physically impossible for them in their state of health. They were beaten up for no fault and in many cases just for the fun of it. The guards got the biggest kick of their life by beating these innocent and defenceless prisoners.

More prisoners started coming in, mostly Muslims, children, young men and old Kashmiri Muslims. Of course, all of these Muslims, who were put inside the jail, were almost stripped leaving them with nothing more than a rag to cover their bodies. The Azad Police force and the Azad fighting force were not satisfied with that alone, so they had started bringing in young women, old women with their innocent children and in some cases a couple of pregnant women and some mothers breast-feeding their children. All these Kashmiri Muslims, who were innocent, but were pro-Kashmir-India, were beaten up for hours and hours every day and in batches. Young mothers were separated from their children for the comfort of the Azad guards station-

ed in the jail. Night after night and day after day we used to hear the cries and painful shrieks of innocent men, women and children being tortured in the jail. The number of guards also started increasing with the number of prisoners.

I had made friends with a regular Pak Army doctor who was stationed in Muzaffarabad and who was pro-Indian and did have some humanitarian feelings. He was very nice to us and used to bring us all sorts of medical supplies that he had with him, although he was not supposed to treat anyone other than regular Pak Army personnel. But he kindly left with me 2,000 tablets of Mepacrine, 1,000 tablets of Sulpha Dione, 1,000 tablets of Sulphur Gunadine, some A.P.C. and a lot of vitamin pills, tincture, ointments and bandages. I had taken charge of all these since I had enough knowledge of prescribing these patent medicines. These medicines were useful. I had almost set up a small dispensary. I had started treating other fellow prisoners who had fallen sick and had no medical aid. This doctor had individually favoured me and left me with these medicines and could have been court-martialled if someone came to know about it. He did not only leave me with the medicines but with an abiding impression of human fellow feeling. Every time he came he used to bring other amenities of life and eatables.

One day some Kashmiri Muslim prisoners reported that they were passing blood through their rectum. I thought they were suffering from piles. I asked them various questions about it. They would not answer since an Azad guard was standing there with fixed bayonets. So I told them that I would not give any medicine unless I was told what was really wrong. The guard and the Camp Commander, who came to the spot after great reluctance, agreed that the sick prisoners should be left alone with me. It was only then that I discovered that these prisoners did not have piles, but were passing blood as a result of torture by the guards. Crying bitterly these poor prisoners narrated the torture to which they had been subjected and my blood boiled. I felt sick in the stomach. Most of what they told me is unprintable but I do not think that in sheer sadism even Hitler's S.S. troopers could equal these Pakistani guards who had descended to the lowest and the most inhuman level of cruelty. I was told that three to four guards were put on duty to torture each man. Two of them would catch hold of one man and the third and fourth would hit the prisoner if he resisted. Finally when they had overpowered him one of them would force an

oiled wooden rod with a lot of powdered red raw chillies over it, into the rectum of the prisoner. The rest can be left to the imagination of the reader, but I must add that while the poor prisoners, bound hand and foot, moaned, the human hyenas that these Pakistani guards were laughed and clapped.

I told the Camp Commander that I would report this matter to the Brigadier and would treat these suffering prisoners only then. At the same time I gave this Camp Commander a couple of chewing gum and biscuits which I had received in a parcel and then gave him a couple of hours' lecture, telling him that since he believed in Allah (God) he must not commit such inhuman crimes. I also told him that if these prisoners died the next day, how would he give account to senior officers. "You can kill one or two on your own, by giving slight excuses, but you cannot kill all of them without any permission from the top", I said. I also gave him a few instances from the Quran (Muslim Bible) and somehow managed to persuade him not to torture these innocent Kashmiri Muslims. He insisted that they were his enemies since they were pro-National Conference and pro-India, and told me plainly that the women, who were there, had refused to entertain and comfort the Azad soldiers on the front, and since the Azad forces were fighting for the cause of Pakistan, they must get all sorts of privileges—food, sex or anything. Anyway, he agreed not to use the chilly-rod which was getting popular in the jail. I started treating these prisoners the same day and gave them Sulpha Gunadine. Although I was subjected to the chilly-rod myself while at Gujrat, I had survived it. Next day they reported better and all of them started improving and in a week's time they were quite all right since I gave them a course of 25 tablets a week. I was personally very happy that at least I was able to serve some people in the jail too.

This brutal Camp Commander was not happy at all to see prisoners live a normal life. He devised other methods of torture which I shall explain presently and at the same time started harassing us about supplies of ration, salt and other things. He also placed greater restrictions on us. I reported this matter to Brig. Kamal who fixed him up. The Camp Commander became very jealous of us and did not like to see our faces. Although we were prisoners, we had been here the longest and feeling well established. Every visitor to the jail came to see us first and, of course, none of them returned without listening to our complaints. Up above the jail over the rock was a

Sikh temple (Gurudwara) which was burnt and broken up in the early days when the raiders occupied Muzaffarabad. Just near the Gurudwara were a few caves which were rock-cut, made over a century ago. These caves had small entrances but were very spacious. The Camp Commander quietly started taking prisoners for fatigue outside the jail. They were taken out at dawn and were brought in at dusk and were given one chapati before they went for their fatigue and another chapati after their return. They were brutally beaten during the hours of fatigue; they were taken miles away to build the roads; near Kohala bridge where the Azads were building up a jeepable road to link the Bagh and Poonch sectors. Besides that, this commander had started a new Belsen Camp up on the ridge inside these caves. I had only heard about it but saw it later when we were taken out to spend the day in these caves during bombing-raids.

Three of the Kashmiri guards of the Azad forces under this commander used to give me daily reports in secret about the Belsen tortures in the caves. In the first instance, Muslim prisoners were starved for days together. At the same time, one prisoner each was sent to each cave and left at the mercy of a pervert there. That was not all. During the day these prisoners were taken to the big cave in turns where this commander had laid a trap of wires in such a way that the prisoner had literally to hang upside down on this wire without any support from the ground. One strong wire that came from the ceiling ended into a big ring. The ring was put around the neck of the prisoner and two other small wires that were tagged into each of his feet. Now this prisoner could not move much and his breath would stop at times. At intervals the prisoner was whipped and if he felt thirsty he was given water mixed with urine. Many prisoners had died in these caves. Their bodies were thrown into the Kishen Ganga river.

These three Kashmiri guards, who used to come and give me an eye-witness account of the tortures, were very scared of the commander. For the crime of talking to us these Kashmiri guards were put in jail, starved for a week, taken to the Belsen caves and had to go through the same process as other prisoners did for a few days. They were only released on an oath that they would not talk to us or tell us anything.

More prisoners had come into the jail and the Camp Commander started running short of guards. Many prisoners started planning to

escape. Our Michael, who used to mix frequently with the guards as well as with other prisoners, used to give me full details of what was happening. The Camp Commander had imprisoned several innocent locals in the jail so that he could make up for the dead in the caves. Then came a couple of Mullas (Muslim priests). These Mullas suffered the same fate as many others who had gone through the Belsen caves but did not survive. The charges against these Mullas were of spying and doing Fifth Column work for India. The prisoners were separated in various classes—Red, Black, Grey and White—and the treatment given to each differed from the other. We had red and white spots, meaning very dangerous but to be given officers' treatment, whereas Michael being attached to us, was not dangerous but ordinary prisoner. They did not know Michael's intelligence and Michael while talking to any of these Azad people behaved very innocently. He knew Punjabi and Pushto (Pathan language) but never spoke them; he always listened. This is just a brief story of the Muzaffarabad jail.

The Indian Air Force, which was fairly active, had started bombing the vicinity of the jail with the result that many of our guards who used to torture the innocent prisoners were killed by bombs. The others became God-fearing. I once told the commander that he too would be killed one day by these bombs, and so he should not be so cruel. He said he had changed his behaviour towards the prisoners, but he only changed the methods of torture. Brig. Kamal had gone back to Rawalpindi Headquarters and a new chap known as Col. Kasim had taken over. I requested this Col. Kasim to provide trenches for us and other prisoners to prevent us from being killed by the bombs. He acceded to the request. We started digging in our trenches just outside our room under the branches of a tree. We dug in a 7 feet deep, 7 feet long and 2 feet wide trench and roofed it with an old tin and covered the tin with the earth that had come out of the trench, put some grass and leaves over it and carefully camouflaged it. Kasim had ordered our Camp Commander to let us use this trench outside our room whenever there was an air raid.

Our money was exhausted. The solitary chicken that was left with us was hatching its eggs and gave birth to three chicks, the rest of the eggs being bad. We were extremely excited while witnessing the birth of these chicks. We had to be very careful about our girl friend "the Pussy cat". This half-starved "Pussy cat" was our only

girl friend. She came to us only at lunch or dinner time and shared a bit with us. Of course, during that period she used to let me touch her or lift her and put her into my lap or joke with her or tease her. But the moment she had had her bite, off she went, not to be seen till the next morning. The R.I.A.F., which was active these days, had started carpet bombing seriously and severely. Previously they used to drop 500 pounders, now they had started dropping 1,000 pounders. They had paralysed Azad transport and also bombed the roads at many places. Pakistan Sappers had to work hard in order to clear the roads for the next convoy, with the result that Pakistan convoys carrying important supplies and ammunition and also the tribesmen and the regular troops had to come during the night since the R.I.A.F. was not bombing at night. The whole night we could see convoy after convoy coming from Abbotabad and going towards Domel. Some of them would stop by the jail and leave the ammunition there and some would go to the Fort across the river. This Fort too was used as an ammunition dump. The "Azads" had started using 20 M.M. on both flanks of each bridge and had brought in heavy anti-aircraft guns. Heavy anti-aircraft guns were fixed at the Garhi-Habibullah bridge, the Kishen Ganga bridge, the Domel bridge and also the famous Kohala bridge. The Kohala bridge is divided into two pieces. Half of the bridge belonged to the Kashmir State and the other half now belonged to Pakistan. So India was bombing only the Kashmir's part of the bridge, whereas Pakistan was using anti-aircraft guns on either side of the bridge.

This carpet bombing had started demoralising the raiders very much and also the locals, with the result that most of the raiders were wanting to go to Rawalpindi and many of them were wanting to desert and go towards the Indian side. During this period I saw a Dakota (C. 47) aircraft flying over Muzaffarabad; it was silver in colour and about 8,000 feet high. So I thought it was some civilian aircraft and we got out of our trench. Just when the aircraft flew over us I saw leaflets coming out of it by the hundreds and presumed it dropped several thousand leaflets, and when this aircraft flew over the bridge in order to complete its circuit over Muzaffarabad, bombs started rolling out of this Dakota. Soon I heard the first whistle of the falling bomb and we just ducked into our trench like an elephant into the deep river. We had only counted two bombs, then two more dropped, another two more and another two more right around the bridge. The plane gradually crawl-

ed towards Domel and we heard more explosions at a distance and presumed that the Domel bridge was also bombed. I heard all the anti-aircraft guns of the Domel bridge going into action but they did no damage to the aircraft, whereas all the gun positions around our area were completely wiped out by this surprise raid.

The raid caused a lot of casualties among those who had come out to get the leaflets. Our guards started abusing and cursing us. The Dakota raid further demoralized the people. Nobody knew whether it was a Dakota or regular bomber. Even the Azad officers came to us to find out what aircraft it was. We told them that it must be India's new bomber and they took it for granted. A lot of civilians were reported to have crossed and gone towards the Indian side of the border and the remaining ones started evacuating the town. In the evening there was another raid by a Tempest. It only dropped two bombs in Muzaffarabad but went towards Garhi-Habibullah and bombed a convoy damaging 20 trucks full of ammunition which exploded and caused great havoc, killing a lot of troops and completely dislocating the raiders' line of communication. We were naturally quite happy over it but were very curious to know the contents of the leaflets.

We were only wondering about it when the Kashmiri guard quietly brought a copy and threw it across our window. The leaflet was in Urdu and so I read it. It mentioned the pledge by the leader of the National Conference to return to Muzaffarabad and declared that the Indian Army would liberate all Kashmir from the clutches of Pakistan, and promised his return within the next six to eight weeks. The leaflet further demoralized the locals and re-established faith in National Conference. Next morning, Michael and I went down a Nala to answer the call of nature and have a wash. We soon heard the drone of planes. Together with our guards we hid under a rocklet. I heard one, two, three explosions successively and this time these explosions were very close to us and stones and sharpnels flew overhead and around. It appeared that the jail had been bombed and completely wiped out. The planes were still circuiting over-head and the Pakistan anti-aircraft guns and 20 M.M. guns were very active, but since the Air Force was on the offensive, they did not care less and had started rocketing and strafing right from tree-top level.

They succeeded in strafing a few trucks, a tonga which was carrying some tribesmen. This tonga was completely blown up together

with its horse, the tribesmen and the wheels; it got a straight rocket through it. The planes after creating havoc changed their course and went towards Domel. We quietly went back towards the jail. I could not see a thing as there was a dust-storm then. I prayed for Dick and wondered what had happened to him. In the jail, however, almost everything was intact. I immediately ran up to see Dick if he was there in the trench. Dick was just coming out of it; he had a dust bath. Then I asked him what had happened and I could see three ditches made by the bombs which were dropped in line. Dick missed a bomb by ten yards. One bomb did not explode due to the falling apart of the detonator, but the bomb had rolled in through the wall into a room where the ammunition was. It was just too unfortunate for India for the bomb did not explode and the ammunition dump did not blow up. Had this bomb exploded in the dump the whole jail, all the prisoners and the entire bridge would have blown off with the amount of mortar bombs, grenades and ammunition that was stored there. But the devil had his luck too.

Now I was certain that I would be killed, in one of the raids, but did not mind it at all. The bombs that had exploded just 15 yards away from the jail had killed over 75 tribesmen who were hiding in the nearby bushes. Col. Kasim drove to the jail in his jeep to see the damage. He was accompanied by a fellow named Mr. Khalid of the "Dawn" from Karachi. I had known this Khalid in Delhi. He recognized me and said 'Hello' to me, but he was very happy to know that we were being bombed by our planes, and felt sorry that we were still alive. While we were talking about the bombs, the planes and the R.I.A.F., we heard the air raid alarm once again and over-head were the planes that came from the opposite direction. So Khalid and Kasim ran into the jeep and went away. Of course, I never saw Khalid in Muzaffarabad after that but Kasim was still there. Everything was getting disorganized.

The Indian Army had started advancing in all sectors and the offensive of the air force gave strong support to the advancing Indian Army. Col. Kasim was completely demoralized and did not know what to do. He came to us and on our request allowed us to use the caves on the hill since the jail and the trench nearby were not safe for us to live. We used to spend the whole day right from dawn to dusk in these "Belsen" caves, out of which one was reserved for us and our guards. These caves gave a better view of the whole area since they were on a higher elevation and

looking out towards the whole panorama of the river and the Fort right up to Domel. Inside these caves it was all dark and it smelt horrible, almost of blood and bones. It was a war not only between men but also between men and the snakes living in that area. On hearing the drone of the planes, the snakes would come out of their holes and run for their lives. Hundreds of them were killed and several raiders in turn died of snake-bite. Many of them came into our caves and many from our caves went out without worrying about us. We were scared to death of these snakes and scorpions. But what could we do? Once a bomb fell over-head on the left side of our cave; some big stone fell inside but luckily the cave did not give in although the whole of the left side had almost collapsed. We saved our lives there too, but in one way this bomb had done a lot of good to us. We saw a couple of cobras that were evacuating the caves and a few others, and after that there were no more. So we were getting more confident that we were going to survive this hell. If we had to die, we said to ourselves, we would have been killed in the air crash or during the time of our capture or in any one of the air-raids.

Individually we all were feeling unhappy and starved due to the poor mail service. Whenever we felt cut off from the world we would write a letter home or to our friends but would not receive any answers. No parcels and no letters for over a month. We were very anxious. I was especially worried about the health of my old mother and one fine afternoon, about an hour after the second air-raid, came a jeep. We were called down from the caves to the jail. We thought we would probably get orders to move or something, but when we went down we saw Major Faruki of the F.F.R., whom we had met in Gujrat as a regular Pakistan officer. He was dressed up as a raider and said that he had volunteered for the Azad forces and was now fighting. He told us we were under his charge now since he had taken over charge of the jail and the prisoners. We said that was fine. While we were talking, Major Faruki's Subedar brought a parcel which was sent to us by Air Vice Marshal Mukherjee. We were extremely happy to have received it. Of course, we were made to sign regular receipts in duplicate since the parcel had been forwarded to us by the courtesy of the C-in-C, Pakistan. We opened the parcel and Major Faruki censored it, he shared a chocolate with us. There was another air-raid alarm, so we all ran into the trenches.

This was an air attack by eight planes. A lot of damage was done to the raiders and many were killed as they were caught by surprise. The

reports of the advance of the Indian Army towards Tithwal and Chakoti in the Uri sector were coming to us through the whispering raiders. We saw some jeeps converted into ambulances carrying as many as six wounded on stretchers. I saw a lot of Pakistan Army Red Cross ambulances. More doctors had come in. I saw a lot of tribesmen bandaged and going towards the hospital since there was only one hospital and one direction to go. Obviously the offensive of the Indian Army was causing heavy damage and casualties. Many times reports came to us that Tithwal and Chakoti had fallen to the Indians in May, 1948. Col. Kasim proved a complete failure. I personally think he was a coward and not fit to be even a Havildar.

On June 13, I again saw Dr. Wenger of the International Red Cross outside the jail on the road. He had letters authorizing him to visit the prisoners, from C-in-C Pakistan, as well as from the Pakistan Red Cross and from Sardar Ibrahim, President of the Azad Kashmir. The guards had strict orders not to let him in. These orders were the Camp Commander's own; he did not want any news about his brutalities to leak out. Dr. Wenger insisted that since he belonged to the International Red Cross he must go in, and since he had all the credentials he should not be stopped. The guards and the Camp Commander, however, refused to let him come in. There was a hot argument between the uneducated Camp Commander and Dr. Wenger.

The Camp Commander ordered his guards to push him out if he insisted on going inside the jail to see us, and if he still insisted they should hit him and if need be even shoot him. Three of us—Dick, Michael and I—saw through our window Dr. Wenger being literally pushed out and the guards threatening to hit him if he moved a step further and shoot him if he disobeyed for the second time. Poor Dr. Wenger, who was only doing his duty as a member of the International Red Cross, wanting nothing from us and was strictly there for a humanitarian cause, was being insulted by these Azad guards. He had a lot of patience and stayed outside in the Pakistan Red Cross bus, waiting for some regular officers to come. An hour or so later, some senior officers of the Azad Forces came in a jeep. Dr. Wenger waved his hand and they stopped. Dr. Wenger explained to them his difficulties and showed them his credentials. They sent for the Camp Commander and ordered him to let Dr. Wenger in and meet us.

The Camp Commander with great reluctance allowed Dr. Wenger to come in. Dr. Wenger who came with his camera wanted to snap

us, but again the Camp Commander snatched his camera and told him not to snap any more or else he would put him in the prison too. Dr. Wenger used his patience again and kept quiet. He let them fiddle with his camera. The atmosphere was tense; although we were extremely joyous over the arrival of Dr. Wenger since he was the only source of help and hope to us. He was almost like a messenger from Heaven.

He had two parcels for me, one from my home and the other from the R.I.A.F. Welfare; one parcel for Dick by the courtesy of the R.I.A.F. Welfare and a parcel and some money for Michael from General Cariappa, the then G.O.C. Western Command (later the first Indian C-in-C of the Army). Michael was excited about the kindness of Gen. Cariappa in sending the parcel and the money. He would not talk to us, would not let us touch the parcel although he had been suffering from fever for the last two weeks. His fever seemed to have disappeared. We found everything we wanted in the parcels and many more things that we did not expect. Then Dr. Wenger came out with cash, gave Dick and me 75 rupees each by the courtesy of the R.I.A.F. Welfare and with the kindness of Air Vice Marshal Mukherjee. I also got another 50 rupees from my friend. So I had more money than the three of us. We all felt very rich and our guards thought that perhaps we were princes in India.

One of the senior Azad officers who had led Dr. Wenger in, came again and allowed Dr. Wenger to take our snaps. Dr. Wenger took our pictures with his Rolleiflex camera and we looked better now than our first pictures. Then Dr. Wenger produced letters from home for each of us which were delivered to us after being duly censored on the spot. Dr. Wenger had also brought with him a basket of mangoes. We never dreamt that we would be able to eat mangoes in the prison. The basket contained nearly a hundred mangoes which lasted us about two weeks. The Camp Commander started getting friendly with us since he saw all the nice things we got in our parcels—foodstuffs, chocolates, candies and tinned provisions. Dr. Wenger departed and we missed him again. Of course, Dr. Wenger gave us hopes of early repatriation once again.

The Camp Commander and all the guards there were never paid by the Azad Government. They had to find for themselves although they were supplied with necessary regular Pak Army rank scale rations. No Azad soldier could leave the Azad territory without the permission of

the Area Commander. They had been there for over eight months and not paid a single penny. Our three Kashmiri guards who were friendly with us, used to come to us, beg us for cigarettes and a few annas now and then. We used to give them some cash as they were very helpful to us. We started sending our letters through them and skipped the censor many a time. We had to avoid the censor because the new censor officer never mailed our letters. After his arrival we never received any letters from home. They were not delivered to us.

CHAPTER XI

Kamal had returned. He came in with some extra force; two battalion strength of the regular Pak Army, as we met two new Colonels, who were introduced to us by Kamal. They had their Brigade Headquarters code names known as K.A.L.F. and N.A.L.F. I saw some more regular Army transport. This time Kamal used to pass by hurriedly in a jeep only wishing us, but did not have time to sit and talk to us. Faruki came up with a broken leg. Probably he had been hit by a shell, since the Indians had brought in 25 pounders.

One evening Kamal came to us. He looked very tired and was dressed up as an ordinary raider; he had cropped his hair. He told us: "Well, fellows, we bloody raiders are on the run." We could not believe it. So we laughed but he said seriously: "No, I mean it." He said they were completely demoralised and were on the run and most probably the Indian Army would be there that very night or the following day and would occupy Muzaffarabad. He confirmed that Tithwal and Chakoti in the Uri sector had fallen and the Indian Army was consolidated there. He told us he had left a thin line of about 200 raiders on each front. Then we asked him about our future. We asked him if he was going to evacuate us with him or leave us there. He promised as a gentleman that he would leave us there to be liberated by the Indian Army. He frankly said that he had no time and no transport to worry about the prisoners.

On May 23, soon after the fall of Tithwal, came regular Pak Army overnight which was ready in Abbotabad. Pakistan had moved in the 9th Division under Major General Nazir Ahmed. Round-the-clock for four days everything came in from Abbotabad; it was one-way traffic, all the transport was returning via Kohala. I saw light tanks, armoured cars, artillery, 25 pounders, howitzers, 20 M.M. anti-aircraft guns and complete equipment of a Division. Pakistan pushed in two battalion strength to delay the advance of the Indian Army to Muzaffarabad. During this time they had started digging in their first

line defences on the other side of Kishen Ganga I saw British officers of the regular Pak Army running around with their maps and building up their new defences in case the Indians make a quick advance to liberate Muzaffarabad. Pakistan was now quite ready to give a very good battle in Muzaffarabad. But had the Indians advanced on the first day they would have definitely liberated Muzaffarabad without any loss; it would have been a walk-over.

I will always say the Indian Commander made a mistake in not advancing towards Muzaffarabad soon after liberation of Tithwal; the loss of one day meant the arrival of regular Pakistan Army which was ready in Abbotabad. The little city of Muzaffarabad was flooded with Pak troops. The Indian Air Force was still active and was regularly bombing convoys of troops, but everything was soon replaced a few hours after the raid. That was to build up the confidence in the regular Pak troops. The condition of the civilians started worse; prices of food, milk and everything else shot up. We used to see British officers with the regular Pak Army, working hard, checking up each hill feature, nala, bush, tree, etc. As a matter of fact, Pakistan had also moved in another Division in the Uri sector on Chakoti front. Indians had to face the Pakistan artillery and cavalry now. Pak troops made 17 attacks in a day on the Indian positions in Tithwal, but the brave and clever Madrasis who had liberated Tithwal were very well dug in, fought off all the attacks and stuck to their positions. Of course, like Pak troops they too suffered a lot of casualties.

Since Indians were consolidated in Tithwal and Chakoti, Pakistan troops tried their best to break their defences. After having failed to do so, they brought in tribesmen again to be massacred in the battle. After getting over 200 tribesmen killed, Pakistan succeeded in capturing one hill feature which was defended by one platoon of the First Madras. Having four Bren-guns the Madrasis fought till the last bullet and till the last grenade. Four of them were killed and three wounded seriously. Pakistan took six prisoners, three of them wounded. Two days later these Madrasis were brought to the jail. It was only then that I believed that Pakistan had taken some more prisoners. We were never taken in by the lying reports that Pakistan had taken 1,000 prisoners in one sector and 2,000 in another; or that they had killed 500 or 1,000 there. Though I never believed a single word of what the raiders said, now I had to. One Sikh prisoner was also taken. The jail was getting crowded and had more than 200 prisoners whereas the accommo-

dation was only for 50 men. It was only a sub-jail.

Our jail was taken over by the regular Pak Army. They started sorting out prisoners again into various categories and colours as mentioned before. They had put four special officers to check the prisoners, hold trials and punish innocent civilian Muslims and other Kashmiris. Regular Indian Army soldiers captured in the battle were kept in a separate category; Kashmir State Forces prisoners in a separate category; myself, Dick and Michael in a still different category; and the rest of the prisoners holding various colours were in respective categories. Each prisoner was threatened with death by the Court of Enquiry and they were asked to give a statement at the point of the gun or the bayonet.

There was increased pressure on the Tithwal and Chakoti sectors from both Indian and Pakistani sides. Indians were bidding to advance whereas Pakistanis were fighting to the last man and the last bullet to stem the tide. The Indian Air Force, which was fairly active in this sector, had gradually moved to the Poonch, Jhangar, Leh, Gurez and Ladakh sectors. Both Indians and Pakistanis were consolidated in Chakoti and Tithwal. By now the rains had started. Now and then Indian planes would bomb enemy targets in Muzaffarabad. Strict security measures were taken in the jail and regular F.F.R guards were posted.

Kamal had very kindly allowed me to go for a walk half a mile and back, since I told him that I was feeling sickly in the jail and had forgotten even to walk. I shall ever remain thankful to Kamal for his good behaviour towards me. But since the regular Pak Army took over they stopped me from going out. Indeed they posted four armed guards with one Havildar to keep a watch on us. One guard had to be with us round-the-clock. The guards used to change every four hours. We were not allowed to move out of the room at all, and more restrictions were being placed on us. These new guards were very rude to us and used to focus torchlights on our eyes during the night every ten minutes to check up. Often we couldn't sleep at all. Every now and then we had to report about them to the visiting officer. Nobody ever cared what our complaints were. I fell ill with frequent headaches and fever and a feeling of weakness. So did Dick and Michael. Since we were not allowed to move out of our room the sun was out of our reach.

All of a sudden one day all the windows of our rooms were closed,

more guards were posted outside, the entrance door to the jail compound was closed and Army transport drove up to the jail gate. There were shouts of "Allah-Ho-Akbar", "Pakistan Zindabad" and "Azad Kashmir Zindabad". We learnt that the local Muzaffarabadis were made to shout these slogans on pain of being sent to jail. Since there was considerable demoralization among the locals and most of them were pro-Indian, Pakistan had threatened these people to death and also used force to incline them towards Pakistan. We saw through a peep-hole that 20 prisoners—Muslims, Dogras and Sikhs—were taken out, properly handcuffed and chained. When these people were taken out of the jail the crowd was ordered to shout the slogans.

We later learnt from our Kashmiri guards that the prisoners were taken to the main bazar in Muzaffarabad city and were shot one by one. This step was taken to threaten the locals and to prevent them from leaking true information of events to India. One could almost write a chapter on how these innocent prisoners were killed by the regular Pak Army. The atmosphere in the jail was very tense for a few weeks. Prisoners of one batch or colour were not allowed to mix with those belonging to another batch. Of course, I used to get full reports from our Kashmiri guards of what was going on inside the jail, outside the jail and in the town. We received no letters during this period and were feeling isolated. But it was not half as bad as what we had gone through in Gujrat. We at least felt reassured that people at home knew that we were alive and so did the International Red Cross, and that if we were killed Pakistan would have to answer for our death. Although quite safe, we were in a very difficult state. It had become difficult again to pass time. For months together we had not seen sunshine.

CHAPTER XII

One night Kamal turned up in the jail with one European. This European was dressed up in Pathan chappel with Pathan salwar (K.D. Kakki) and Pathan long shirt with a beret cap and Kamal was addressing him as Sir. Michael had reported a few minutes before Kamal's entrance that some big officer was coming in as everybody was saluting him. This European did not disclose his identity and was introduced to us as a newspaperman although I had seen him before in Delhi as General Mackay. Now he was the Chief of General Staff, Pak Army. But since he said he was a newspaperman and was fooling me, so I spoke to him in his own language and asked him what paper did he represents. He refused to disclose that too. It was clear that he was not a newspaperman but a visiting General to a front. Well, I told him what I thought of Pak Military Intelligence and the Pak Army. He did not like my criticism but could not hide the expression on his face. Then Kamal and this so-called newspaperman looked at their watches and said good-bye to us.

Life was getting duller and duller and we had no visitor for about a month and no letters and no parcels. The monsoon had set in. The parcel that Dr. Wenger had brought did not last long enough. We were not allowed to use our money any more and we did not have any more left either.

Our stationery had finished. So I started writing letters on sheets of Bromo paper, a packet of which I received in the Air Force Welfare parcel. Since we were not receiving any letters I was getting anxious to write. The strict security measures had started disturbing our mental equilibrium and besides that, as reported by Michael, there was a lot of discontentment among other prisoners. All of them were tired of the brutal treatment and were planning to escape in various groups. All these prisoners who had to cook their own food had to bring their own rations from a long distance and had also to carry large logs of wood from the river, bring them to the jail, chop them and use them

as their fuel.

I got report that about 20 prisoners might escape the next day. Well, next morning a report came that four had indeed escaped. The authorities learnt after about ten hours of the escape of these prisoners. The prisoners had already covered about 15 miles from the camp when the Azad authorities sent search parties to all the possible escape routes. One track led to a thick jungle. The prisoners, who had calculated to escape as locals, not as prisoners, made the mistake of not carrying any food with them and as such they had to borrow food from the villages on their way. When the Azad search parties reached the villages, almost about 20 hours later, they learnt from some children that four escaped prisoners had gone in a certain direction and had come to this village to ask for food. They were caught while asleep under a bush in a thick jungle.

When they got back two days later, all the prisoners were collected in the jail. All of them were threatened to be killed if any of them tried to escape. The unlucky prisoners, who were only three miles from the Indian border when they were recaptured, were now whipped and mercilessly beaten in front of all of us. Their knees, jaws and other limbs were almost broken and they bled profusely. Two of the prisoners whom I had cured from the effects of the "Chilly Rod" treatment were also now in this group. They had actually planned to escape due to the brutal treatment. They were now asked to explain and demonstrate how they escaped from the jail.

Here we learnt that they had used those large logs of wood; they had put one big log in a sliding position and one facing the wall during the day in front of the guards. The guards did not know what the log was for, except that the log there had to be chopped and later used as fuel. These prisoners had climbed up and had slid quietly down below. More restrictions were imposed now both inside and on the outskirts of the jail. We three, who were also planning and trying to escape, realized that there was very little chance of our doing so although we still kept planning for something sure and less difficult. These four Muslim Kashmiri prisoners were again taken to the city and the same old thing was repeated. All the local Muzaffarabadis were collected, were made to shout slogans in order to demoralize the prisoners and later on the prisoners were shot and their bodies thrown into the river.

Time passed on and a lot of whispering plans started. Prisoners were wanting to catch hold of the guards in the corners and kill them.

Our civilian guards were removed from there and the entire administration of the jail was taken over by the regular Pak Army. The old brutal Camp Commander had also to go, but not on a holiday or to home. All the Azad guards who were committing atrocities on defenceless persons were now sent to the front to fight and become cannon fodder. They were asked to pack up at four hours' notice. We were happy that at least we were rid of the brutal commander but we missed the three favourite Kashmiri guards who were very nice and helpful to us.

A new Colonel had taken over the administration of the Muzafarabad sector. He appeared to be a gentleman. He came to us and introduced himself. He was very polite in talking to us and again allowed me to go out for a walk since I complained to him about my illness. He produced stationery for us, gave cigarettes, even extra ration for bread and also brought us a tin of butter and jam. So we had our first bread, butter and jam there and we appreciated this new Colonel. He also brought me a sketch book and I started sketching with one pencil. I made a sketch of him also and of other prisoners. My first model was Dick. But unfortunately this new Colonel did not stay long with us. Perhaps he was killed at the front. That is what we overheard from our guards while they were talking among themselves. Some said he had been killed at the front, others that he had been killed in an air-raid or that he had been transferred. The Colonel had established his headquarters as Nizam Headquarters. We missed this Col. Nizam very much. Two weeks later a new Col. Nizam showed up, but he was rather rude and rough and withdrew all the facilities that were given to us by the first Col. Nizam. I always had a hot argument with this new Col. Nizam. He hated my face just as much as I hated his. He tried to be rude to me and I always answered in his own language and did not care a damn if he killed me. During this time some more prisoners were brought into the jail and we learnt from our guards that they were Kashmiri Muslims belonging to National Militia, one of them being a lieutenant in the Third Battalion.

A week later this lieutenant known as Mohammad Ismail Khan was brought into our room and ordered to stay with us. He was almost frightened to death. The first day he shared our food although we were not given any extra rations for him, for Michael was clever and always saved a little from what we used to get. He did not have any clothes apart from an underwear. I gave him my old pyjama and shirt which

were spare after I had received some clothes in my parcel from home. All the belongings of Ismail were looted at the time of his capture, but a little money which he had hidden in his underwear was now deposited in the jail with the guard commander.

Ismail was taken out of our room two or three times during the day and two or three times during the night, while we were asleep. He was whipped and mercilessly beaten every time. Sometimes he was given a cup of tea and a little food also and politely asked to join the Azad Forces. Every time he refused he was threatened with death by torture. Ismail asked our opinion as to what he should do. Now and then he used to come bleeding or with a swollen face or a swollen back. We always told him : "Don't worry, stick to your oath. You have only to die once; why not be loyal to your nation?" Of course, he was an Indian and a better Indian than most of us. He and his men had a very rough time and I always admired their spirit.

In spite of being a Muslim and in spite of the rough treatment he received and the tempting promises of lands and houses made to him if he joined the raiders Ismail stood firm like a rock. His great weakness was smoking and we provided him with cigarettes. Michael served him in the same way as he served us. We used to eat the same food together—bad or insufficient. Indeed we lived like a family of four brothers. When the Azad Government discovered that Ismail would not join them under any circumstances, they cooled down a bit and started giving him his food rations. The main reason for this change in treatment was that Indians had captured some men of the regular Pak Army and there was the possibility that Ismail might be exchanged for some Pakistani prisoners. Although our room had hardly space for one there were four of us. Anyway, we had more company and Ismail used to tell us the latest news about the front and of the Indian side. He told us stories of how he had fought and how he was captured, which was very interesting.

Air-raids had almost ceased by now. Heavy rains had set in and we had started feeling cold again. I always complained to the visitors about the overcrowding in the jail. Once a minister of Azad Kashmir visited us followed by Begum Tasaddud of Pakistan who came from Lahore with a batch of Muslim League Women's National Guards. All these women were armed with revolvers and steel helmets while visiting us. They were very proud to see us as their prisoners. We on our part were happy to see these pretty ladies. After an hour or so they all got into a lorry and went away.

Next day another officer with a very lovely young girl came to visit us. I came out of my room and said hello to him and bowed to the young lady. She was left there talking to me and the officer went away. The guards were asked to move out but keep an eye on us. The officer did not return for about three-quarters of an hour. I could not believe I would be there talking to this pretty young girl. She was very social and told me many things about India and Pakistan. We were talking about things in the general and for a moment I forgot that I was a prisoner. I had a few candies left out of the parcel which I offered to her and asked her to meet Dick. Dick came out and we both started talking.

Then she asked us that she wanted to see the prisoners. On my telling her that we were prisoners she was somewhat shocked. Anyway, she told us she had come from Lucknow (India) and was visiting her friends in Pakistan. She said she was a Muslim but did not tell her name to us and I quite forgot to ask her name. She talked to me like an old friend. When the Captain returned and they were about to go it started raining heavily. So they both sat for another hour. The Captain started talking to Dick about things in general and was quite social, while I was still talking to this young lady. Till today I do not know who she was, why she came and whether she came on her own or otherwise. It would remain a mystery unless I happen to meet her again. She promised to meet us again but never kept her word.

Some more officers visited us later. One of them had come from the Pakistan High Commission in India which I learnt later when I returned home. They asked me if we had anything to say or if there was anything wrong in which they could help. I complained again about the rations, the treatment we received and the awful place we were living in without any sun. They promised that they would soon shift us to a new place. We could not believe it since such promises were always vague and never fulfilled. Later some time in August we were shifted to Jahangir's Fort, on the other side of the river. The Fort was in utter ruins. Instead of being behind jail bars we were now in barbed-wire cages. But the fort was very spacious and there was plenty of fresh air. Because of its location on a higher elevation we could have a better view of the surroundings. I did feel that life was changing for the better, but our guards had not changed their habits and used to whip the prisoners quite often, many a time just for the fun of it. Michael was a victim of it several times. They had special orders not to whip us, although they could abuse us or kill us if we tried to cross or even touch

the barbed wires. Here all of us were subjected to hard labour. We had to chop the wood. We were not allowed to go out of the fort whereas other prisoners could go out and bring big logs of wood. However, I enjoyed this hard labour for the sake of physical fitness and did not mind it in the least. I think it did a lot of good to me.

We all received a letter each and were quite happy that everything was well at home. These letters had been mailed to us long time back. They opened a small dispensary there too, which had tincture iodine, cibazol, a couple of ointments and bandages. The weather would clear up now and then and I could see our planes hovering over us and bombing enemy targets in Muzaffarabad. I asked the visiting officer to let us dig trenches for us if they wanted us to live. We got the permission from the Area Commander and started digging our trenches. This time we made a better trench but the camouflage was not too good since all the trees in the front had been cut. The trenches were visible from the air.

One day we received fruit in rations and were also allowed to talk to the people in the next cage. Some old books in South Indian languages were brought in and some magazines were also provided. We were also promised sports. We wondered what this sudden spurt of generosity was due to. The guards polished up their boots and put on new uniforms and this time were surprisingly polite to us. More visiting officers came to us in the morning and went away after noting down our complaints and promising us everything we wanted. The same evening we heard a few anti-aircraft gun fires. We thought it may be just for practice. Then all the guards stood at attention after hearing a few whistles. Then came in a tall General who came first to our cage.

He introduced himself to us as Nazir Ahmed, who was the Commander of the 9th Division, and was fighting in the Uri and Tithwal sectors. He was very nice to us and shook hands with us. He asked us if we were all right and we answered him "Not too bad". Then he asked us if we had any difficulties and promised to solve all of them. He even told the guards and the guard commander not to whip other prisoners, but as soon as he walked out of the fort, all the orders given by him were cancelled and whipping and beating started again. This is how they obeyed their Generals in Pakistan! Time marched on and we started adjusting ourselves to the conditions in this fort but had not yet fully given up our plans to escape. We heard about the U.N. Commission's visit to Azad Kashmir and were waiting for a chance to speak to them. Later on we

learnt that they had come to Muzaffarabad but were not allowed to see us and were only taken to certain forward areas and sent back after being given a lot of drinks and lavish entertainment. We lost whatever hope we had of meeting the U.N. representatives. But with the help of Dick's old formula of "Press on regardless" we carried on.

We were visited by some civilian officers of the Azad Government and a local doctor from Muzaffarabad. I told them that I had no medicines, that I was a doctor running the hospital in Muzaffarabad with tincture iodine and bandages. These people gave us the news about the fall of Skardu and the capture of the Indian garrison there. Of course, we did not believe what they said. Then they showed us papers about Pakistani successes in the Gurez sector. Still we did not believe them. But their morale was higher than before. They were feeling confident since the regular Pak Army had come into Azad Kashmir officially and openly.

Then they started a poster propaganda campaign in order to demoralize the prisoners, particularly to make the Muslim prisoners change their attitude towards Pakistan. One of the posters showed an Indian Army Sikh bayoneting Kashmiri Muslim men and women. Another poster showed a number of corpses and Sikhs walking over them with their rifles and fixed bayonets. These posters were in colour. There were many others in black and white including one showing Nehru playing the pipe and Sheikh Abdullah as a cobra coming out of a basket and dancing to Nehru's tune. The hood of this snake had the face of Sheikh Abdullah whereas the body was all like a cobra. These posters had certainly a lot of effect on the masses in Kashmir and they believed that all that was shown in the posters was true. As such, the result was that people started cursing the Sikhs for their brutalities.

These posters, I presume, were the handiwork of some British artist because they, particularly the black and white drawings, had the peculiar British touch about them. One each of these posters was stuck in our cage, same as in other various cages. We learnt from our guards that these posters were stuck over trees, local tea shops, on road turnings and practically all over the Kashmir territory occupied by Pakistan.

Ismail, who was living in our cage and who had the roughest time to my knowledge, was still unhappy since these Azad officers who came in civilian dress used to tell him: "Look at these posters. After seeing

these, do you still want to remain in India and fight for India?" Ismail, of course, told them that the posters were all wrong, that it was the raiders who looted the people in Kashmir and abducted their women, whereas Indians have done nothing of this nature and had saved Kashmir from being destroyed. For this answer Ismail was mercilessly beaten in our cage. We were just helpless spectators. Ismail was again threatened with death along with all his men. He said: "I don't care if you kill me, but I will always say: 'Down with Pakistan' ". On these words Ismail was attacked again and this time he bled profusely. He was also made to do hard labour. I shall always admire Ismail for his sincerity and loyalty towards India.

CHAPTER XIII

Gradually, things cooled down a bit and all of a sudden we heard the news about the Indian Police Action in Hyderabad and simultaneously we quietly heard the news of the death of Mr. Jinnah. This completely demoralized the raiders. Mourning was writ large on the faces of all the Pakistani soldiers and officers. We were officially never told by any visiting officers about the police action in Hyderabad or about the death of Mr. Jinnah. Three or four weeks after the Hyderabad action we had a visit from Mahmud, who used to brag about Hyderabad and its big army. This time he was rather cut up. But he was still cheeky and bragged about the Pathan might. It was he who disclosed that Mr. Jinnah was dead and that Mr. Nazimuddin had been installed as the Governor-General of Pakistan. The prisoners' morale was high.

It was Michael who used to convey messages from our cage to other cages. He used to bring me full reports about the complaints of other prisoners. Some of them were so bitter that they wanted to kill the guards. I, of course, told them not to do such a thing and promised to see that they were not tortured any longer. I almost became an unofficial spokesman of these prisoners. The visiting commanders always had great difficulty in facing me. Gradually I was able to get over these commanders and the beating of prisoners was practically stopped. The rest of the prisoners, who were not allowed to write letters and had never written letters after their capture, could now write letters, were given envelopes, paper, ink and pens. The administration of the whole fort was improved and prisoners seemed happier.

Everybody else was receiving letters but my mail was stopped, although I used to mail letters regularly and was certain that my people too wrote to me regularly. But neither they received any of my letters nor was any letter delivered to me. This was the result of my acting as an unofficial spokesman of these defenceless prisoners. Now that my

people knew that I was alive and there was pressure from India about my release, it was very difficult for them to kill me. The only thing they could do was to delay the process of my release or to harass me by every possible means. I did not mind it at all since I was only doing my duty towards fellow prisoners.

Dick's attitude was that since he was in the defence forces he could not speak much. But I was a civilian and nothing could stop me from telling the Azad people or the Pakistan people if there was anything wrong in the administration in the fort. I could not tolerate any prisoner being beaten up or given unequal privileges. The civilian Muslim prisoners, who were on the other side of our cage, were the worst sufferers in the fort. They were given one-quarter of the ration that was given to us. At the same time they were subjected to 12 hours' labour whereas the rest of the boys were made to do only 10 hours' labour. Most of the civilian prisoners were above 40, their constitution was very weak and due to hard labour and under-nourishment they had all started reporting sick but no medicine was provided for these people.

It had started getting cold. In September, one day, due to heavy rain and snow-fall in the neighbouring hills, it got very cold in Muzaffarabad. None of us had any provisions for cold, and we were wondering what would happen to us during the winter and the snows. So I had written home for woollen clothes although I knew that none of the letters would reach my people since they had frozen my mail. But all the same, in my letters now and then I used to curse the Azad authorities for their rough treatment and now and then I used to be polite expecting that the polite letter might reach the hands of my people. But evidently they never did.

Three prisoners died the next morning of severe cold. There was a lot of excitement in the jail. The guard commander of the fort rang up the Commander, Muzaffarabad area, asking for coffins. The Commander answered back that the bodies should be thrown in the river. He had no coffin for such Muslims as they were not with Pakistan and said he would be quite happy if more of them died. But strangely enough the Pathans on guard duty who used to torture these innocent prisoners were very sad and evinced considerable sympathy for them. They collected some money, arranged to get some coffin, got some prisoners to dig graves and cut a few trees to give these prisoners a good funeral. All the bodies were properly washed, the guards and the rest of the

Muslim prisoners said prayers for them and these prisoners were properly buried. The guard commander and the guards; who were all Pathans, were now very bitter against their own Area Commander and started abusing him saying that he was not a Muslim himself who could not give a good burial to another Muslim, even if the other Muslim was an enemy. They said it was against the laws of the Holy Quran.

I had my chance to do propaganda against Pakistan and their ruthless behaviour towards Muslims, and told them that that was why Kashmir was with India and told them about Brig. Usman's funeral in India. This had some effect on the guards who became a little more soft towards the rest of the prisoners and offered them cigarettes from their own rations. There was almost a brotherhood between the prisoners and the guards. Our guard commander and the guards said they were very sorry but had to beat us on orders from their superiors. They even asked for pardon for their past behaviour. Two more prisoners died the next evening due to cold and lack of medical aid. There was mourning in the fort and we wondered that one day we too might die if it got colder.

One fine evening after the regular roll call we were all asked to get ready to be able to move early morning at 4 o'clock. We were not told where we were to go but we were asked to leave all our cooking tin-cans and everything else except for our own clothes and blankets. For a moment we thought that we were going to be freed and repatriated home in exchange of Pakistani prisoners. We were all loaded into regular Pak Army transports early morning at 4 o'clock in the first week of October, 1948. The trucks were covered and we could not see where we were passing through but from the direction of the turns and curves we would tell that we were going towards Abbotabad.

After four hours' drive we halted at a place called Garhi-Habibullah. There the covers were opened up. We had entered the Pakistan territory in the N.W.F.P. Everything was in full view. Of course, we had six Army guards in each truck and only the regular Indian Army personnel, and the State Forces personnel, including me, Dick, Ismail and Michael, were transported in these five trucks. We were separated now from the rest of the unfortunate civilian Muslim and Dogra prisoners who were with us in the various cages of the fort. Till today I have not heard a thing about these civilian prisoners. Presumably they were all killed.

Some who under pressure and difficult circumstances were forced

to work for Pakistan might have been released. But I know definitely that the intelligence officers, who were trying these prisoners, had no intention to keep them in Pakistan since they considered them dangerous to internal security. We moved further and arrived in Abbotabad at about 10 o'clock. Here I thought we might be kept in Abbotabad prison camp, but the trucks did not stop and went further and were now on the plains. We passed through the famous Haripura and presumed they might keep us in Haripura jail. But we passed through this town also and we thought they might take us to Peshawar since Haripura was very close to Peshawar. We were all starving and had had no food since dawn. The trucks took a turn and moved towards Rawalpindi and we thought we were probably being taken there. On our way we passed through the Attock bridge and saw the Attock Fort and our trucks took a turn towards the Attock Fort, leaving the main road to Rawalpindi. We were now halted at the gates of Attock Fort and asked to get out of the trucks.

All the guards jumped out. We were all made to "Fall in," rankers on one side and officers on the other. Michael was now separated from us. Ismail, Dick and myself were standing on one side and the rest of the prisoners on the other. A regular Pak Army Major belonging to the 1st Punjab came up to us. We were all asked to stand up to attention. This Pak Army Major who had lists of all of us started shouting names and each one had to answer with a "Yes, Sir". We had now nothing to do with Michael and were ordered not to speak to any of the other rankers. The Commander spoke to Dick. Dick answered as usual and was snubbed by the Major who told him to stand to attention and salute every Pak Army officer and even sepoy and address them as "Sir". So Dick said, "Yes, Sir". The Major said, "Get into attention and salute now". Poor Dick who was out of practice from service discipline and had completely forgotten the routine, got into attention and saluted. Then the Major came up to me, asked my name and I told him I was Sharma.

Same orders were given to me. I answered him back and told him that I was a civilian and did not know a thing about military discipline—although secretly I knew everything about it—but since I was a civilian, why should I be governed by the military law? I refused to salute or stand into attention and instead I kept my hands in my pockets and only addressed this Major as Sir. He was bloody annoyed and almost lost his temper, but could not do anything since I

told him I was a civilian. I was quite happy to annoy this Major and did not care a damn what he did to me. Had he abused me, I would have told him not to abuse me, although during my last ten months I had almost become abuse-proof. We were now made to march into the Fort. When we turned towards the main gate of the Fort, I saw a sign "Dangerous Curve". So I was wondering how dangerous would it be to go inside. Never mind, I said to myself, a change is always for the better. All of us entered into the fort.

As we entered the fort I saw a number of Sikhs, Dogras and others doing fatigue. All of them looked very sickly, almost fit to go to a graveyard. We walked on and were met by some regular Pak Army J.C.Os. They led us further inside the fort. The fort was very big compared to the one we had lived in Muzaffarabad. As we went in further we saw more and more prisoners parading and carrying heavy stones, cleaning and levelling the fort, making roads, using picks and shovels, each batch accompanied by a regular Pak Army soldier with a fixed bayonet. Most of the non-Sikhs were shaven-head and were not allowed to keep moustaches. We three were separated as before from the rest of the group but were not far from each other.

We were all asked to take out all the valuables if we had any. Actually we were asked to take out everything we had on us and after that we were thoroughly searched. We could keep nothing on us except the clothes that we were wearing. The Rank P.O.Ws., who had come with us from Muzaffarabad, were also subjected to a thorough search. All the money found in their secret pockets was taken from them. They were all shaven up and their hair completely cropped with only a little tuft, a mark of Hinduism, kept on their head. All the rankers were then D.D.T.'d since all of them had a lot of lice on them. The old clothes were changed for new ones. We all felt happier than before but did not like our hair being completely shaven and our moustaches cut. Michael, who was very crazy to keep his hair and used to spend most of his time in combing his hair and looking into a broken mirror, felt very sore about it.

We were ordered once again not to mix with any of the rankers. We were ordered not to talk to any Pak Army soldiers under any conditions, unless someone came to us on official business. We were then taken to separate quarters. These quarters were in the interior of the fort, properly guarded by regular Pak Army soldiers. The walls of the entire fort had an armed sentry at every 20 yards.

They had to patrol every minute of their duty hours and keep contact with the next sentry. We entered the barbed wire quarters; we were taken to a room and were provided with three beds in our room. This was a very good room, properly white-washed. We saw electricity now again for the second time after having first seen it in the Azad Headquarters at Rawalpindi. This room was equipped with a fan and also a chair and a dressing table. So I said to myself, "Probably life is taking a turn for the better now". Here we met other officers who were also prisoners of war and about whom we had heard that they were either killed or captured. We met most of them including Brigadier Ghansar Singh (Governor of Gilgit), Col. Sher Jung Thapa (Commander of Skardu Garrison), Col. Abdul Majid Durrani, Capt. Baldev Singh (the only Sikh officer), Capt. Prabhat Singh, Capt. Devinder Singh, Capt. Durga Singh, Capt. Sukhdev Singh, Dr. Lt. Amrit Lal, Dr. Lt. Prakash Chand, Dr. Lt. Shiv Ram, Lt. Ajit Singh, Lt. Raghunath Singh.

All these officers belonged to the Kashmir State Forces, most of them were captured in the early days of the Pakistan invasion in Gilgit and in the Srinagar valley. Col. Thapa and his two or three lieutenants were captured in Skardu after having gallantly fought for six months without any reinforcement. Col. Thapa and his men were the heroes of the Skardu Fort, who fought till the last bullet and were captured on 15 August, 1948. We introduced ourselves to each of these officers who received us heartily.

The satisfaction and joy in meeting each other was mutual. These officers and the rest of the prisoners in the entire fort numbered about 600. They came to this fort on October 1, 1948, and immediately on their arrival had started cleaning up the fort and doing regular fatigue, for 2 annas (4 cents) per hour for officers as wages and 1 anna per hour for the rankers. This money was not given to them in cash but they could buy from the canteen cigarettes, soap or candy which were sold at exorbitant prices. We started our fatigue the next morning. Col. Thapa was in command of our fatigue party. He was an extremely nice person and a perfect specimen of a soldier. He was cheerful and not at all demoralized and was again willing to go and fight as soon as he could, but felt very sorry that he was wasting his time in this blasted fort with an uncertain future. Col. Thapa then gave me a brief account of how he fought in Skardu.

Sincerely speaking, one could write a whole book about the Skardu

garrison and the magnificent fight that Col. Thapa and his men gave to the repeated attacks by Pakistani raiders and the Pak Army. I, of necessity, have to be brief.

FALL OF SKARDU

For long Thapa was the Commander of the Skardu garrison. When the Pak raiders reached Skardu, Col. Thapa established his headquarters in the Skardu Fort with the strength of 150 men and four officers under him. These 150 men also included many Muslims. Col. Thapa and his men fought back hundreds of attacks, giving heavy casualties to the raiders. The garrison had suffered some casualties too, but Col. Thapa pressed on and asked for help from the Jammu and Kashmir Division commander. The commander of Jammu and Kashmir Division known as the Commander JAK Div. gave him all the promises he could about sending reinforcement but was not able to fulfil them because he himself was hard-pressed for men. There was demand for more troops from all the sectors as the raiders strength was increasing fast, out-numbering the Indian Army on all sectors. As such the JAK Div. commander was fighting with the minimum strength everywhere and reinforcing hard-pressed sectors, shifting the same troops from one section to another without any rest whatsoever.

Col. Thapa, who used to communicate with the JAK Div. commander on the wireless set, was completely encircled on the outskirts of Skardu city and Fort. The raiders were only four to five hundred yards from his outpost and had started shouting slogans as usual. They asked the Muslim members of the Skardu garrison to come over and join them. If the Muslim strength of the garrison had deserted and joined the raiders, Skardu's fall would have been inevitable and immediate. Thapa had taken special precautions to prevent mutiny in the garrison but he could not check desertion since the Muslim numbered 80 out of a total strength of 150 men. Thapa used to hold conferences whenever he could and used to keep up the morale of the entire garrison by promising them immediate support from the Headquarters and a link between Leh and Skardu, since Leh was in Indian hands.

Thapa, who was repeatedly promised reinforcement and help, did not receive any. He told his commander that he would leave Skardu and retire. The JAK Div. Commander again promised him immediate support and was able to drop some supplies by air. The Air Force dropped 18 bags out of which 11 went into enemy hands, since the

enemy soldiers wore the same uniforms as the men of Skardu garrison and they had also laid the same strip for air support which Col. Thapa had laid. This was because some men from the garrison had deserted and joined the raiders. They had given all the secrets to the raiders about the strip of air support, etc., and the strength of the Skardu garrison.

The civilian population in the Skardu city and the neighbourhood had now taken shelter in the Skardu Fort and Col. Thapa had started sharing his rations with the civilian population. The civilians were about 400, including men, women and children of all ages. Col. Thapa was faced with shortage of rations as much as with lack of ammunition and men. These civilians who were completely demoralized were now feeling better off. He again spoke to the General on the wireless and was promised immediate reinforcement.

A reinforcement of about a couple of hundreds men was sent but the raiders had laid a double ambush for this coming reinforcement with the result that most of them were massacred in this ambush and the rest were taken prisoners. The big mistake that the Commander had made was that he sent his reinforcement without a wireless set and it was sent one day before the time that was given to Col. Thapa. If the time had been properly synchronised and the reinforcement had a wireless set, they could have contacted the Skardu garrison and Col. Thapa would have attacked the raiders and advanced 10 to 15 miles to meet the reinforcement. But since Col. Thapa expected these people the next day and they arrived 24 hours too soon, they were massacred. Col. Thapa was now getting worried and asked his General for instructions. The General again promised help and asked him to hold on the fort if he could as the General was making some other arrangements to send reinforcement.

By now, Col. Thapa had no rations left. He could not afford to see the civilian population die and his men eating an extra ounce of food. But whatever meagre rations he had left for himself could not have lasted more than a week. So he preferred to share it with the civilian population. He kept up their morale by saying that he was getting supplies and reinforcements. But nothing came through for another four days. The General probably had gone on a tour of other hard-pressed sectors and could not meet Col. Thapa on the set. Now Col. Thapa and his men as well as the civilians were faced with starvation. So he started issuing rations on alternate days. There was no milk left for the children since the cattle had died for want of fodder or due to raiders'

shelling. There was panic inside the fort. Some old civilians and some young children died of starvation since they could not live on water.

Early in August the raiders' strength was increased three times and reinforced by a company of regular Pak Army. The raiders were now redoubled with an extra strength of Chitralis (Chitral State Forces in the Gilgit province). The regular Pak Army had brought in howitzers and started shelling the fort. They asked Col. Thapa to surrender and warned him that if he did not raise a white flag within half an hour they would shell the fort. Thapa held a brief conference with his officers and men. They all said: "We will fight to the last bullet and the last man". The fort was now shelled for nearly six hours by Pak howitzers and there were some casualties.

The raiders thought everything would be wiped out and Col. Thapa would surrender. His men did not answer the raiders. The raiders started shouting again and asked if there was anybody still alive and if he would come out with a white flag, a rag or a towel or something. Thapa after checking all his men and civilians was quite happy that the shelling had practically no effect on him or his garrison. Thapa now answered with six 5 inches mortar shells on the enemy position where the raiders had gathered. The raiders were caught unawares and many of them were done to death by a few of Thapa's shells. The raiders started shelling the fort again and they shelled the whole night and the whole of the next day. Thapa had now only ten 5 inches mortar shells left and about 50 grenades and no ammunition in store except for whatever little his men had on their outpost or on their magazine, not even enough to fight one attack.

The raiders started advancing and used more Bren-guns, but Thapa's men on the outpost answered with two bullets for every raiders' 100 bullets. Thapa immediately reported all these to the JAK Div. commander. The JAK Div. sent him an immediate air support with R.I.A.F. Tempest fighter bombers. They dropped a few bombs on raiders' position and rocketed them too. Then they came down again to strafe and by mistake strafed not only the raiders but also Thapa's men. Thapa's men had to face now a double danger. The situation was getting more and more confused. Thapa now held only the Skardu fort and an area within a radius of one mile. The garrison was almost at its last gasp.

Thapa just did not know what to do having not eaten for one week and not having had any sleep for nearly four months except for a few

"cat naps". His men were probably in a worse condition. Thapa held a conference again with the civilians and asked them what to do since he had not received any reinforcement and the raiders were all round and he might have to surrender or get killed. Most of the civilians preferred death to surrender. They all asked Thapa to shoot them down and then do what he wanted to do with himself.

But how could he kill his own men? He was in a great fix. So the civilians started committing suicide and a few of them killed themselves by using the razor blades and the knives that they had with them. Thapa could not stop that. He was still holding conferences with his own men. In one family the father first killed his 16 year old daughter and then his younger children and wife and later poisoned himself. Many young girls jumped into a nearby river. Most of the mothers killed their children and then committed suicide by taking opium.

What about those who did not want to die or commit suicide and preferred to surrender and leave it to God's mercy? They included old men and women, young boys and a couple of young women. Col. Thapa, after holding conferences with his men during an advance attack by the raiders again spoke to the General and told him of the latest situation. The General could not help much. He wished Thapa good luck and told him to do what he thought best. Thapa was helpless and found no way out, but after a lot of hesitance and calculation decided to surrender. He smashed the wireless set, broke up the mortar guns and practically destroyed all the arms he had with him, leaving only a little ammunition. On August 13, 1948, when the rest of India was celebrating the first anniversary of Independence, it was Thapa's misfortune to have to pull down the tricolour and hoist a white flag instead.

The raiders rushed into the fort joyously shouting "Pakistan Zinda-bad" and "Allah-Ho-Akbar".

Thapa and his men now surrendered their remaining small arms and themselves to the raiders. They were thoroughly searched and were taken prisoners. Most of the Sikh strength was killed immediately after the surrender, leaving the rest who were taken prisoners. The sex-starved Chitralis rushed on to the young and old women that were left. Most of the women were raped by these Chitralis. This in nutshell was the touching story of Skardu that Thapa told me.

CHAPTER XIV

Amongst all these officer prisoners there was one black sheep—a muslim Col. of Kashmir State Force. He was suspected to be a Pakistani agent within the prison camp. He lived amongst us as a prisoner but was given better treatment than any of us received. He was not subjected to any fatigue and was treated with respect and consideration. We were all suspicious of him and were very careful while talking to him. There was one orderly attached to every two officers. These orderlies had to live within the barbed wires of our barracks, were not allowed to mix with the rest of the prisoners and had to work for us. They were quite helpful to us, but Dick and myself missed Michael very much, who had got used to us. Anyway, we both got a new orderly named Laju. He was quite a nice boy and gave us good service. These orderlies had to cook and serve us and clean up our rooms and do everything else for us. Besides that, in their spare time, they had to do hard labour just as much as we had to.

I had taken up hard labour and was now getting used to pick and shovel. My hands had got plenty of blisters and it was becoming difficult for me to work. Every officer here in the camp was entitled to 75 rupees per month. Their ration, which was Rank's scale, alone cost 50 rupees. Out of the 25 rupees that were left they could buy either soap or shaving material or cigarettes. Since I was a civilian and not a Government employee, I was not entitled to the privilege of receiving 75 rupees and had to buy anything from my hard earned labour. If I did not do any labour I could not enjoy any privileges at all. I was still the worst of the lot here and was subjected to a lot of abuses by the Camp Commander, Major Attaullah of the 1st Punjab, Commander of the Attock Fort.

It was here that we discovered that the name of this camp in the Attock Fort was "The Neutral Internment Camp". Except for the label we did not enjoy even half of the privileges of a P.O.W. camp. I had some cash balance left that was sent to me in Muzaffarabad and had started living on that money. The orders in the camp were that we had

to stand to attention and salute every Pakistani officer, visitor or Pak Army soldier. Of course, I never complied with these orders since I was not a soldier. I did not care what they thought of me and what they did to me. The only thing I knew was that I was in illegal detention. But I was confident that I would live through and will return home one day either through escape or otherwise.

All of us used to talk about sending letters home. We told the rest of the officers that we were well off in Muzaffarabad and used to receive letters and parcels, but ever since we had come to this Attock Fort we were not even allowed to write; of course, we received nothing at all. We always made complaints about this to the visiting officers who were mostly British, belonging to the regular Pak Army or the Pakistan Government. After making a lot of complaints we were finally allowed to write letters. We were asked to give our address as "The Neutral Internment Camp" care of G.H.Q. Pakistan. I wrote my first letter on 25 October, 1948. I had to write good things in my letter about this camp.

This camp was comparatively better than any other I had lived in, except for the hard labour I had to do for my existence. I did not mind the hard labour since it kept my physique better and gave me some appetite. We all preferred this to sitting idle. We wrote several letters but no one ever received any answer. Later some people had started receiving their letters but I did not receive any. So I presumed that either my letters did not reach my people or the ones that they wrote were not delivered to me.

I still kept on writing and I was again getting worried about my mother's welfare. One day the Camp Commander came to me in a good mood and delivered letters to other officers. I did not care much about it. I was feeling pretty depressed myself when I requested this commander if he could oblige me by sending a telegram to my people at home at my expense. He agreed to this and he did, as I received a wire back. I was extremely happy. I finally received a letter from home also with all the good news and welfare about my mother in the second week in November.

The Attock Fort was a very picturesque place and I liked the view around it. Since it was on a higher elevation I could see everything down below and did not feel much about the prison in the Fort since I could see everything outside. This was situated at the spot where the Kabul river joins the Indus river. Across the river I could see the road

and the railway line. I used to see nice cars passing by and railway trains passing by at their scheduled hours. But now in the middle of November I had started seeing more trains coming from northwest and going towards Rawalpindi. Every morning I used to hear the drone of planes sounding like C. 47 and later discovered that Pakistan used to fly C. 47's for supply drop in Gilgit and Skardu. They used to come from their base in Risalpur and would fly over the Indus up to Gilgit early in the morning before the Indian planes could come and intercept.

Once I read in the Pakistan newspapers that Indian fighters had intercepted one Pakistan plane but after giving it a warning had let it go. Later the Indian Government also gave them a warning not to fly over to India's area. But Pakistan persisted in these flights. They used to fly about 4 a.m. and return before sunshine or even earlier.

On the main railway line, I saw more trains moving. These trains were mostly troop-trains carrying troops and also tanks and armoured cars. Pakistan seemed to be rushing her entire mechanized columns towards the Kashmir front. I used to see convoy after convoy, night and day, carrying vehicles, trucks and other things by road. I presumed that they were preparing for an all-out war. Newspapers, both Indian and Pakistani, were now delivered to us at short intervals and thus we read of the success of the Indian army in the Mehndhar valley, in Jhangar in Jammu sector and in Dras in the north. Indians liberated Kargil and linked it with Leh, also linked the besieged garrison at Poonch and liberated Jhangar and Kotli.

In the interior of Pakistan they were moving troops and equipment hurriedly. High-ranking British officers had started coming to visit us in the Attock Fort. They were concerned about my opinion of this fort. I could not understand that. Of course, I was critical of everything that I did not like about this fort and they disliked me for it. Once a British Major General of Pak Army said: "Ah, you have a nice place to live and this is a lovely camp and you have little work to do". They always mentioned about the Japanese prison camps and compared this camp to the Japanese prison camps. They never said a word about the Russian and American or the British neutral internment camps. Most of them said that they were also prisoners of war in Japan. I had begun getting fed up with these statements of these officers and told a visiting General, who always bragged of being an ex-prisoner of war, that for a change I would like to meet some one who had not been

a prisoner of war; then things would probably get better.

They had become lenient to us once again. This time we were given better facilities and more books and magazines. I thought that they were getting really generous. Next day they told us that there might be some visitors coming. We were ordered to shave well, get our clothes washed and extra free ration of soap was provided to us. The entire fort was cleaned up. The next day came two Americans. I happened to know both of them. They were correspondents of American papers—Mr. Robert Trumbell of the "New York Times" and Mr. Percy Wood of the "Chicago Herald Tribune". I was extremely happy to meet them.

They spoke to me in the same way as they used to in the Imperial Hotel at New Delhi. They gave me all the news, social and political, and acquainted me with the latest developments in India, Pakistan and Kashmir. They promised me that they would do their very best to get me released and would write a lot in American and Indian newspapers about me since I was a Photo-Correspondent.

One night, all of a sudden, all the three doctors who were prisoners and were living with us, were called in to their so-called hospital room. They remained there the whole night and came back in the morning. We asked them what was wrong and why they went out and did not return. They reported that a few prisoners that belonged to the Kashmir National Militia were poisoned. They were all vomiting and crying, and almost sinking into death, but since they had started vomiting their lives might be saved.

All these men were Ismail's soldiers. But Ismail could not do anything about it. Here also I had become the official spokesman of my camp and I used to make all the complaints to the visiting officers. I reported this incident also and I was told that probably these men had been tin-poisoned. That was just a bare excuse since our doctors quietly told us that they did suspect poisoning of some kind and from what they could check from looking at the faces of these men and what they brought out from their mouths looked more of chemical poison than tin poison. Well we could not do much about it but this was not repeated any more since we had come to know about it.

I was again visited by two more correspondents and the same story of good rations and good food was repeated just before these two correspondents arrived. These two were also known to me in India. They were Mr. Britter of the "London Times" and Mrs. Britter (the

famous Margaret Parton) of the "New York Herald Tribune". They had brought cigarettes, soap and some candy for me. I must say it was sweet and nice of them to have thought of me and I shall not forget the visit of these foreign correspondents. These two correspondents brought a new ray of hope to me. They told me that there were chances of my repatriation.

They told me I might be exchanged for a Brig. Rehmatullah who was a prisoner in Srinagar, Kashmir (India). I was overjoyed to hear this news but it seemed too good to be true since Dr. Wenger of the International Red Cross had been trying for my repatriation for the past six months and had not succeeded in his several sincere and hard attempts. But all the same I expected some better luck was coming since I had started receiving money and visitors who had specially come to see me and helped me. That really raised up my morale.

Two days later Dick and myself were asked to pack up and be ready to go early morning. We were told that we would be flown from Rawalpindi to India the next morning. We still could not believe it. So we did not care at all and just had a hearty laugh. But Thapa and everybody else did take it to be true and they started congratulating us. We still thought it was a big joke on us, but the commander again came and we were taken out of our cage to the hospital. We were weighed there and our doctors were asked to give a medical certificate of fitness. I saw Michael there who was also told to pack up and accompany us. Now we got half sure of going home but did not know what might happen at the last moment, as the Pakistan people often changed their mind and never kept words. I had fixed up code words with Col. Thapa for writing letters. I promised to everyone of the officers and men that if I go home I shall do my very best to send them the Red Cross aid and then arrange to get them repatriated as early as possible.

It was bitterly cold the next morning on December 2, 1948. We were woken up at 4 a.m. We were put in a 3-ton truck and once again Dick, myself and Michael started moving together. We inhaled the fresh air outside the Attock Fort. We were joyous and were awaiting to be liberated. All of a sudden the truck turned cross-wise and drove over a donkey; we nearly missed an accident. It was raining and the truck was skidding since the driver was driving it too fast. I was shivering in bitter cold because I had no woollen clothes at all. It was exactly a year and a day ago when I was captured and was taken prisoner, and was just as

cold as it was on the day when I was captured. But now I was used to cold and could not care less.

We drove about 20 miles towards Rawalpindi. The rain had stopped, the road had dried up and we were driving fast and all of a sudden the truck and all of us went into a ditch 20 feet below off the road. The truck crashed into pieces, our guards and everyone else got seriously hurt, but Dick and I were both all right except that we got a few bruises and a few bumps, practically about as much that we got in our plane crash. Soon after immediately we jumped out of this crashed truck. No one was killed even the driver was all right, but the truck was very badly damaged and was unserviceable. So the Camp Commander and the accompanying captain, who was attached to this Fort as an Intelligence and Censoring officer, together with our guards decided to walk on the road and get another transport on the road, get a train or something.

We walked about three miles early morning in freezing cold but we were now getting warmed up. We met some Army transport on the road, the Camp Commander halted the transport and we were all loaded into one truck once again and moved on. This time we got through the city of Rawalpindi and the Rawalpindi Cantonment and then to Chaklala airfield in Rawalpindi. There were strict security measures at the Chaklala airfield. All the hangars were closed and I did not see a single airman or pilot or any aircraft at all at the airfield. Our truck drove after a proper security check by the Air Force police. We were told that the aircraft would be here 10 o'clock and we would leave.

It was here that we met Dr. Wenger of the International Red Cross. Dr. Wenger delivered me some parcels, letters and some more money that he had brought from India for me and for Dick and for Michael. But now since we were being liberated, we did not care anything about it and we took charge of the parcels, opened our letters which were censored once again on the spot. The parcels we did not open in order to carry them back with us. One of the parcels contained sweets and other eatables which I sent through Dr. Wenger to the Attock Fort to be given to the rest of the officer prisoners, Col. Thapa, etc., with whom I had lived.

It had started raining again and I felt very chilly once again. We waited and waited till 1 o'clock and there was no sign of the plane and the weather was so bad, visibility zero, that no plane on the earth would fly or land without proper anti-fog and radar equipment. So we had.

both started praying that nothing should disturb or delay our liberation that day. We were rather apprehensive that anything might happen at the last moment; the plane may come, may not come due to bad weather and once again we might have to go back to the Attock Fort. Group Captain Asghar Khan and Wing Commander Akhtar Khan of the Pakistan Air Force met us.

They told us that Brig. Rehmatullah was their father and they had come to see him and I would be liberated in exchange of him and a few minutes later met the famous Major Aslam who had fought the Indians in Baramula and later in various other sectors in Kashmir. Major Aslam was also the son of Brig. Rehmatullah. I saw Major Aslam using my cameras that were looted from me by the regular Pakistan border police during my capture. But here I could not say anything since I was being liberated and if I made any fuss about my cameras, they might again hold me up.

At about 2-30 p.m. I heard the drone of a plane which sounded like C.47. Group Captain Asghar Khan went to the Control and spoke to the plane. They told us it was an Indian Dakota, that they had brought their old man and that we were going home too. We were getting extremely joyous; our faces were red with excitement and happiness. All the chill on my body had gone away and I started feeling free the moment I saw the tricolour markings of the Indian plane that had just landed and was now approaching fast, taxiing towards us. The plane halted, the Indian crew came out, fixed the ladder and came out the old man properly dressed with a felt hat, an overcoat, a rain coat and a stick in his hand, and three boys rushed to meet their father. Dick and I spoke to the crew of the plane. Dick knew all the pilots.

We were introduced there. The captain of the aircraft got signatures on a paper about the delivery of the old man to Pakistan and signed for us. We got into the Indian plane and took off and as we took off I cannot explain how happy I felt in the Indian plane and flying once again in the free air and towards home. We met very nasty weather on our way home, thunder storm, rain storm and hail storm. Our plane had started sinking and had started descending and bumping too much, however we continued to fly.

Of course, we had not eaten at all, so we asked for food and the crew of the plane offered us a bottle of rum and walnuts that they had brought from Srinagar for themselves. Dick nearly finished the bottle of rum and we were all cracking walnuts and eating them like starved

animals. Once again the bell rang and the three of us got worried but the pilot came out of the cockpit and told us that now we are flying over the Indian soil. I felt extremely elated over it and said to myself that now we were completely free and nothing could happen to us.

It was a clear weather and bright sunshine, symbolic of the sentiments singing in our hearts, that around 5-30 in the evening, I spotted the Good Earth of Palam and on seeing the familiar surroundings again felt like a lost and forlorn child returning to its mother after a long and painful interval.

IMPORTANT DATES

KASHMIR IN SECURITY COUNCIL

- October 26, 1947. Kashmir is invaded by tribals actively aided and abetted by Pakistan.
- „ 28, 1947. The Government of India requests the Pakistan Government to stop all help to the invading tribesmen.
- „ 31, 1947. The Prime Minister of India asks for Pakistan co-operation in restoring normal conditions in the State.
- December 27, 1947. The Government of India again requests Pakistan to help in restoring normal condition in the State.
- January 1, 1948. The Government of India submits a memorandum to the President of the Security Council, in accordance with Article 35 of the U. N. Charter for United Nations intervention and prevent Pakistan government personal military and civil, participating in or assisting the invasion of the State and deny transit and other assistance to the invaders.
- January 7, 1948. The debate opens.
- January 17, 1948. The resolution which called upon both the aggressor (Pakistan) and the victim (India) to improve the situation and did not call upon Pakistan as had been demanded by India to stop all assistance to the invaders and thus bring the hostilities to a close.
- January 20, 1948. A resolution is introduced by the Council President Dr. Van Longhenhove of Belgium in the Security Council providing the establishment of

a commission to investigate facts and secondly "to exercise any mediatory influence likely to smooth away the difficulties, etc."

January 22, 1948.

The Council President changes the original item on the agenda "the Jammu and Kashmir Question" to "India—Pakistan Question", in spite of Indias representatives strong objections.

January 29, 1948.

The Council President reports the failure of the talks between the Indian and Pakistan representative. Two draft resolutions introduced—recommending the appointment of the three nation commission and determining the will of the people about their future.

February 6, 1948.

The Kashmir Premier addresses the Security Council deploring that the Security Council was evading the Kashmir question by bringing in other irrelevant issues that had no bearing upon it.

February 12, 1948.

Security Council adjourns. Indian delegation returns home.

March 10, 1948.

Council President, Dr. Tsiang (China) submitted a draft resolution asking the Pakistan Government to use its best endeavours to secure the withdrawal from Jammu and Kashmir of intruding tribesmen and Pakistan nationals and to prevent any further intrusion into the State by denying transit and other facilities to all elements engaged in hostility or violence against the State...etc...etc..."

(Pakistan Government thought it unlikely that his government would approve of the proposals).

April 17, 1948.

The representatives of Belgium, Canada, China, Columbia, the United Kingdom and the U.S.A. jointly submitted a resolution asking constitution of a five member commission.

April 21, 1948.

The resolution is adopted.

April 21, 1948.

The Prime Minister of India, in cable to the Security Council President, protested against the

- May 7, 1948. widening of the Commissions scope.
- May 27, 1948. The Five-Power Commission is completed.
The Government of India informs the Security Council its inability to undertake the obligations placed on her by the resolution unless it is amended in the direction indicated.
- June 3, 1948. The Council President (Syrian representative) submitted a resolution widening the Commissions scope. The resolution is passed.
- June 15, 1948. The Five-Nation Commission holds its first meet in Geneva.
- July 10, 1948. The Commission arrives in India.
- At the end of July 1948. The Commission proceeds to Karachi.
- August 6, 1948. The Commissions sub-Committee starts its economic political survey of the State.
- August 13, 1948. The Commission proposes cease-fire to the Governments of India and Pakistan.
- August 19, 1948. The Pakistan Foreign Minister Sir Mohammad Zafrullah belatedly admitted that *Pakistan troops had had* moved in the State of Jammu and Kashmir.
- August 27, 1948. The Commission declares Pakistan an aggressor. "The presence of Pakistan troops in Jammu and Kashmir, however, constitutes a material change in as much as the Security Council did not contemplate the presence of such troops in the State, nor was it apprised thereof by the Government of Pakistan....."
- August 31, 1948. The Commission holds a meeting with the Pakistan Foreign Minister.
- September 2, 1948. The Commission meets Pak Foreign Minister.
- September 6, 1948. The Commission leaves for Europe to prepare an interim report to the Security Council on the situation in Jammu and Kashmir State.
- September 19, 1948. It adopted a resolution, calling upon the two Governments "to use their best endeavours during the absence of the Commission to lessen the existing tension in this dispute."
- November 22, 1948. The interim report of the Commission is

- released in Pakistan.
- November 25, 1948. The Security Council resumes its debates on Kashmir.
- December 20, 1948. Dr. Alfred Lozano, member of the U.N. Commission, visited New Delhi and Karachi.
- December 28, 1948. Dr Lozano leaves for New York to report to the Commission.
- January 1, 1949. The cease-fire takes effect.
- January 15, 1949. The Commission adopts the resolution for ascertaining the will of the people of the State after peaceful conditions have been restored in the State.
- January 16, 1949. The Government of India issues a press communique, together with the texts of the Commission's proposal of December 11, the classification given by Dr. Lozano to the Pakistan Government's letter of December 25, accepting the Commissions proposals as explained and elucidated by Dr. Lozano.
- March 22, 1949. The Secretary-General of U.N. nominates Admiral Nimitz as plebescite Administrator for Jammu and Kashmir.
- April 15, 1949. The U.N. Commission presents to the Governments of India and Pakistan its first truce proposals.
- April 28, 1949. The final truce proposals are submitted by the U.N. Commission to India and Pakistan Governments.
- May 18, 1949. India replies to the Commission's proposals of May 18, 1948 and stated that the disbanding and disarming of "Azad Kashmir" forces should not be left in a State of uncertainty or be hereafter the subject of challenge and dispute and therefore the Pak Government's agreement should be obtained in disbanding and disarming 32' battallions of the "Azad Kashmir" forces.
- May 31, 1949. The Commission studies the replies of India and Pak Governments.

- June 6, 1949. The Commission announces that both Governments had rejected the proposal. (truce agreement).
- June 12, 1949. Dr. Lozano reaches Delhi and re-opens talks with India.
- June 22, 1949. The Commission decides to send a mission to Karachi to seek clarification of the Pak Governments reply to its truce proposals of April 25.
- June 24, 1949. Dr. Lozano resigns his post 'on personal and political reasons.
- June 24, 1949. The U.N. Secretary-General discloses the Commission had asked for 24 new military observers to supervise the cease-fire line in Jammu and Kashmir State.
- July 18, 1949. A joint military Conference of India and Pakistan begins.
- July 28, 1949. The joint military conference ends and an agreement on the drawing of a cease-fire line is reached at.
- July 29, 1949. The Commission by a proposal calls for a joint political conference of India and Pakistan.
- August 18, 1949. The Commission informs India and Pakistan the cancellation of the proposed joint meet.
- August 19, 1949. The Commissions Chairman Mr. Shamphev sends a formal invitation asking the representatives of the two Governments to meet in New Delhi on August 17.
(India asked for the postponement of the date to August 22, 1949 which is accepted).
- August 25, 1949. The Commission leaves for Geneva to write its report to the Security Council.
- August 29, 1949. The Commission presented its memorandum on arbitration to India and Pakistan.
- September 1, 1949. President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee wrote to the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan to subject their points of dispute to arbitration.

- September 8, 1949. India rejects arbitration informing the Commission that the outstanding issue of the large-scale disbanding and disarming of the "Azad Kashmir" forces could not be a matter for arbitration "but for affirmative and immediate decision."
- September, 1949 Kashmir Premier denounces arbitration.
- November 8, 1949. General Delvoie, Military Adviser to the Commission recalled for removing seven boxes containing the jewellery and gold from Srinagar to Rawalpindi (Pakistan) in a U.N. plane without informing the State Government.
- December 12, 1949. The Commission reported its failure to the Security Council.
(Dr. Oldrich Chyle submitted a minority report.)
- December 17, 1949. The Security Council took of Kashmir issue for consideration.
- December 29, 1949. General Me Naughten, Council President, present his proposals, proposing amongst other things the withdrawal of the regular forces of Pakistan from the State of Jammu and Kashmir.
- February 7, 1950. General M Naughten submitted his report of his talks with the Governments of India and Pakistan. Sir B. N. Rau explains elaborately India's stand on Kashmir and the numerous obstacles that Pakistan has been putting in the way of all the people of the State to determine their future.
- February 24, 1949. The Council President, Dr. Darlos Blanco (Cuba), introduces a resolution sponsored by U.S.A., Britain, Norway and Cuba in the Council providing the termination of the U.N. Commission and appointing a U.N. representative in its place.
- March 14, 1950. Four Power resolution is adopted by the Security Council (India and Yugoslavia abstain).
- March 14, 1950 Sir Owen Dixon appointed as U.N's

- May 27, 1950. Representative in Kashmir.
Sir Owen Dixon arrives in the Indian sub-continent.
- July 20, 1950. Sir Owen Dixon holds a conference with the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan.
- July 24, 1950. The Conference concludes.
(A joint communique to the effect "the solution of the Kashmir problem was approached" is issued.)
- August 22, 1950. Sir Owen Dixon declares that there is no immediate prospect of India and Pakistan composing their differences.
- September 15, 1950. Sir Owen Dixon presents his report to the Security Council, declaring Pakistan an aggressor.
"I am prepared to adopt the view that when the frontier of the State of Jammu and Kashmir was crossed on, I believe, October 20, 1947, by hostile elements, it was contrary to international law, and that when in May, 1948, as I believe, units of the regular Pakistan forces moved into the territory of the State, that too was, inconsistent with international law".
- Jan.-Feb. 21, 1951. The Security Council meets to consider the report of Sir Owen Dixon.
A joint Anglo-American resolution introduced.
- March 21, 1951. Revised Anglo-American resolution introduced in the Security Council instructing the U.N. Representative to effect demilitarisation on the basis of Commission's resolutions of August 13, 1948 and January 5, 1949.
- March 30, 1951. The joint Anglo-American resolution is adopted. (India, Yugoslavia and U.S.S.R. abstain).
- April 30, 1951. The Dr. Frank Graham is appointed as U.N.'s Representative for India and Pakistan.
- June 30, 1951. Dr. Frank Graham arrives in the sub-continent.
- September 12, 1951. Dr. Frank Graham leaves for Geneva to prepare his report.

- October 15, 1951. Dr. Frank Graham presents his report to the Security Council.
- November 10, 1951. Dr. Frank Graham is authorised by the Security Council to continue his negotiations, for a period of six weeks on the question of demilitarisation of the State.
- December 17, 1951. Negotiations of Dr. Graham with representatives of India and Pakistan conclude in Paris.
- December 18, 1951. Dr. Graham presents his second report to the Secretary-General of the U.N. for onward transmission to the Security Council.
- January 17, 1952. The Security Council resumes its debate.
- January 21, 1952. United Nations Secretary-General releases what they called "Devers Plan."
- This plan differed substantially from the plan communicated on November 29, 1951.
- January 31, 1952. Security Council discusses Graham Report.
- February 29, 1952. United Nations Representative arrives in New Delhi.
- March 25, 1952. United Nations Representative leaves the sub-continent.
- March 29, 1952. Dr. Graham resumes his negotiations with Government of India and Pakistan in New York.
- July 16, 1952. The negotiations conclude. Dr. Graham makes a statement and introduces the revised proposals.
- August 26, 1952. Joint Conference at ministerial level is held at Geneva by Dr. Graham.
- September 10, 1952. The Conference concludes.
- November 6, 1952. A joint Anglo-U.S.A. resolution is introduced asking India and Pakistan to enter immediate negotiations regarding demilitarization.
- February, 1953. Indian and Pakistani Representatives meet Dr. Frank Graham in Geneva.
- June, 1953. Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan meet in London.
- July 25, 1953. Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan meet begins in Karachi.
- July 27, 1953. The Conference concludes.

- July 28, 1953. The joint communique is issued.
- August 16, 1953. The Pakistan Prime Minister comes to Delhi and meet is held with India's Prime Minister.
- August 20, 1953. A joint communique is issued.
- December 1, 1953. The official joint committees of India and Pakistan meet in Delhi to consider demilitarization, etc. Committees broke sine die.
- July 5, 1956. Ali meets Nehru in London—informal discussion.
- January 2, 1957. Pakistan . . .
- January 10, 1957. Security Council discussions on Kashmir begin.
- January 25, 1957. "Freeze resolution" urging India to maintain 'status quo' and moved by Five Power before the Indian Representative had not even finished his speech. The resolution was passed.
- February 15, 1957. United Nations Security Council resumes its debate on Kashmir.
- Britain formally submits to the U.N. Security Council a Four Power resolution calling on Mr. Gunnar V. Jarring of Sweden to consult the Indian and Pakistan Governments on the Kashmir dispute.
- February 20, 1957. The Soviet Union vetoes in the Security Council the Four Power resolution on Kashmir.
- Britain, U.S.A., Australia and Cuba introduce a new resolution on Kashmir.
- February 21, 1957. U.N. Security Council votes new resolution.
- March 12, 1957. Mr. Jarring, Swedish representative in the U.N. Security Council, arrives in Delhi to hold consultations with Government of India on the Kashmir question.
- December 2, 1957. U.N. Security Council passes resolution on Kashmir.
- January 8, 1958. Sheikh Abdullah released.
- January 12, 1958. Dr. Frank Graham, U.N. representative, arrives in Delhi.
- March 28, 1958. Dr. Frank Graham submits his report to the U.N. Security Council.
- April, 1958. Sheikh Abdullah re-arrested.
- Summer influx of tourists begins.

IMPORTANT DATES IN KASHMIR'S HISTORY

(1947-1956)

October 22, 1947.	Tribesmen invade Kashmir.
October 26, 1947.	Kashmir accedes to India.
December 1, 1947.	P.N. Sharma's plane shot down in Jammu area.
January 1, 1948.	Government of India called upon the Security Council to intervene in the Kashmir conflict.
March 5, 1948.	State's interim government formed.
October 27, 1950.	National Conference issues a mandate to the party for the convocation of the Constituent Assembly for taking decisions on all vital issues concerning the future shape and affiliation of the State.
December 15, 1950.	Preparation of provisional electoral rolls begins.
December 18, 1950.	Pakistan demands U.N. ban on proposed Constituent Assembly.
March 1, 1951.	Preparation of provisional electoral rolls completed.
March 21, 1951.	The revised Anglo-American resolution disapproving the convening of the Constituent Assembly in Kashmir is introduced in the Security Council.
April 4, 1951.	Kashmir Premier denounces the Anglo-U.S. draft resolution on Kashmir.
April 30, 1951.	Yuvraj Karan Singh issued the proclamation for setting up a Constituent Assembly on the basis of adult franchise for the purpose of framing a constitution for the entire State.
July 11, 1951.	Delimitation Committee for Jammu and Kashmir appointed.
August 17, 1951.	Rules of election to the Jammu and Kashmir Constituent Assembly are published.
September, 1951.	Elections to the Constituent Assembly are held throughout the State.

- October 31, 1951. The first sitting of the Constituent Assembly is held at Srinagar and the Assembly elects its first acting Chairman.
- November 1, 1951. Mr. G. M. Sadiq is unanimously elected President of the Constituent Assembly.
- November 1, 1951. A committee for framing Rules of procedure of the House and for defining the powers of the President is appointed.
- November 5, 1951. Sheikh Abdullah delivers his inaugural address to the Assembly and says:
- (1) "One great task before this Assembly will be to devise a Constitution for the future governance of the country . . ."
 - (2) "Another issue of vital importance to the nation involves the future of the Royal Dynasty . . ."
 - (3) "The third major issue awaiting your deliberations arises out of the Land Reforms which the government carried out with vigour and determination . . ."
 - (4) "Finally, this Assembly, will after full consideration of the three alternatives that I shall state later declare its reasoned conclusion regarding accession."
- November 6, 1951. Eleven member Land Compensation Committee formed.
- November 6, 1951. Finance and Steering Committees are set up by the Constituent Assembly.
- November 7, 1951. The Advisory Committee on Fundamental Rights and Citizenship set up.
- November 8, 1951. Constituent Assembly concludes its first session.
- November 20, 1951. Interim Constitution comes into force.
- March 24, 1952. Constituent Assembly meets in Jammu.
- March 24, 1952. The Committee on the rules of procedure submits its report to the Constituent Assembly.
- March 26, 1952. Land Compensation Committee recommends to the Assembly that no compensation should be paid to the dispossessed land-owners.

- March 31, 1952. Land Compensation Committee's report is adopted by the Assembly.
- April 11, 1952. Joint sitting of Fundamental Rights and Basic Principles Committees is held in Jammu.
- June 7, 1952. Constituent Assembly session is held in Srinagar.
- June 11, 1952. Basic Principles Committee submits its interim report recommending the termination of hereditary rulership.
- June 12, 1952. The Constituent Assembly adopts the Basic Principle Committee's interim report abolishing dynastic rule in the State.
- June 12, 1952. Committee to draft the Constitution is appointed.
- June 12, 1952. The Constituent Assembly Session ends.
- July 24, 1952. Delhi Agreement on constitutional matters is announced.
- August 11, 1952. Constituent Assembly ratifies Delhi Agreement.
- August 9, 1953. Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammad takes over as Prime Minister consequent upon the dismissal of Sheikh Abdullah. Far reaching reforms are announced by the new Government.
- October 5, 1953. The Assembly unanimously adopts vote of confidence in the new Government.
- October 20, 1953. Basic Principles Committee, Advisory Committee on Fundamental Rights and Citizenship, Steering and Drafting Committees are reconstituted.
- December 9, 1953. A joint session of the basic Principles Committee and Advisory Committee on Fundamental Rights and Citizenship is held in Jammu.
- January 21, 1954. Basic Principles Committee's report is finalised.
- February 3, 1954. Constituent Assembly Session begins in Jammu.
- February 6, 1954. Basic Principles Committee and Fundamental Rights Committee's reports presented.
- February 6, 1954. Reports of Basic Principles Committee, Fundamental Rights Committee and Citizenship Committee are adopted.

- February 12, 1954. Drafting Committee presents its report.
- February 15, 1954. Drafting Committees report ratifying Jammu and Kashmir's accession to India is adopted unanimously.
- April 1, 1954. Custom barrier between the State and the rest of India is abolished.
- May 14, 1954. Presidential order applying more provisions of the Indian Constitution to the State is issued.
- April 6, 1955. Session begins in Jammu.
- (1) The Bill amending the Jammu and Kashmir Constitution Act 1940 is adopted.
 - (2) Motion to amend rules governing allowances of members passed.
 - (3) Concurrence accorded to the application of three more provisions of the Indian Constitution to the State.
- April 6, 1955. Constituent Assembly adjourns sine die.
- September 4, 1956. Drafting Committee meets.
- September 29, 1956. Constituent Assembly meets and a resolution is passed asking the Government to issue immediate instructions for preparing electoral rolls and for taking necessary steps for holding elections to the State Assembly in 1957 under the new Constitution.
- October 10, 1956. Draft Constitution is presented. The Draft declares:
- "The State is and shall be an integral part of the Union of India and its territory shall be the same as on August 15, 1947, under the sovereignty and suzerainty of the ruler of the State."
- October 22, 1956. Motion for consideration of the Draft Constitution is moved.
- October 27, 1956. First reading of the Draft Constitution is completed.
- October 30, 1956. Consenbly passes the clauses defining permanent Residents of the State.
- November 1, 1956. Consenbly adopts Directive Principles.
- November 1, 1956. Provisions regarding executive powers of the State are adopted.

November 4, 1956.	Consensbly approves an amendment in the Draft, providing for the appointment of High Court Judges by the President.
November 11, 1956.	Second reading of the Draft Constitution is completed.
November 12, 1956.	Consensbly passes the resolution regarding financial integration of the State with India.
November 17, 1956.	Constitution is adopted.
November 19, 1956.	The Constitution is signed by the Members amidst great scenes of joy and enthusiasm.
January 26, 1957.	Constitution is formally enforced.
February 11, 1957.	Sadar-i-Riyasat issues an order for the delimitation of Constituencies.
March 25, 1957.	Polling in Jammu.
March 31, 1957.	Polling in Kashmir.
June 21, 1957.	First phase of Ranbir Canal which will irrigate 1,000 additional acres of land in Ladakh, completed.
July 7, 1957.	Another picturesque tourist resort, Yusmarg thrown open.
July 12, 1957.	Bakhshi Sahib re-elected Party leader. Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammed tendered his resignation to Sadar-i-Riyasat.
July 19, 1957.	Sadar-i-Riyasat invited Bakhshi Sahib to form new Government.
July 26, 1957.	Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammed sworn in as Prime Minister. Legislative Assembly and Legislative Council meet.
August 17, 1957.	The Industrial Exhibition starts in Kashmir.
August 21, 1957.	Budget Session starts.
Last week August 1957.	Kashmir in the grip of unprecedented floods.
1951—56	Achievements of the First Five Year Plan.
1957	Bannihal Tunnel completed.
	Inaugurated by Dr. Radhakrishnan.
Second Five Year Plan begins 1956	In spite of Pakistan's cry for 'Jehad.'

